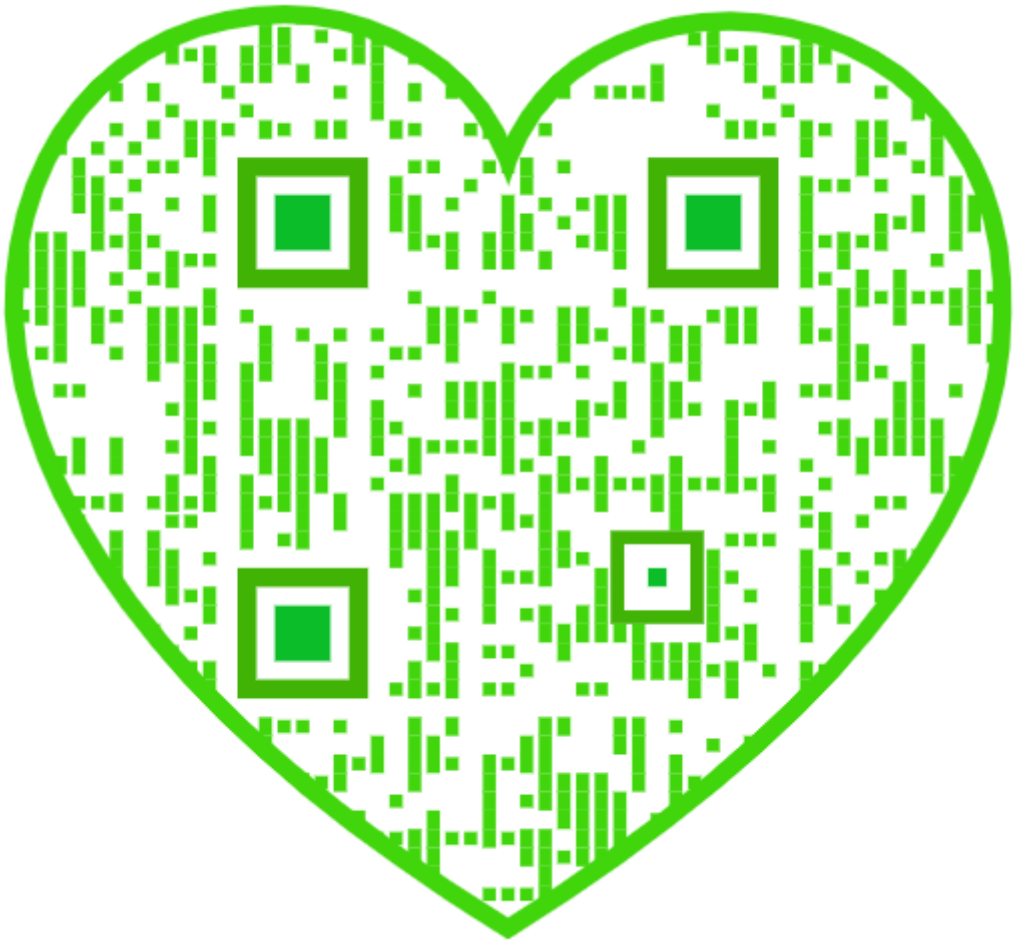

# ELSON

# PRIMARY SCHOOL READER

## BOOK THREE

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR ELSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL READERS

*ILLUSTRATED BY H. O. KENNEDY*

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

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# INTRODUCTION

In this Reader the child is introduced to some of the best stories in the realm of children's literature, and to many of the great story-tellers, ancient and modern. The material has been selected primarily with reference to its interest for children, and always with regard to its ethical and literary values.

The child at this stage is in the golden age of pure fancy. In consequence, stories which appeal to his imagination are best suited not only to interest him in the printed page, but also to interpret for him his own experiences. However, the world of reality should not be overlooked, and in recognition of this fact Nature and biography, in fascinating tales and poems, have been included.

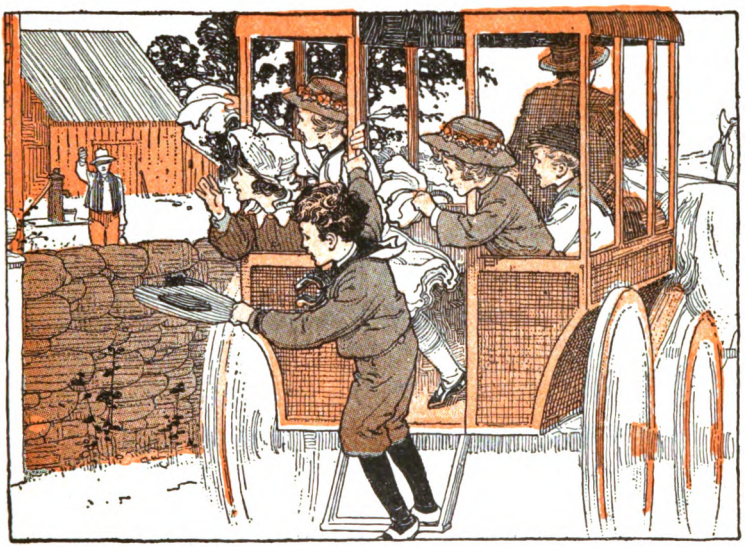
The book is therefore intended to be well balanced and many-sided. A glance at the classification of the selections will show the many phases of child-interest to which the material appeals. There will be found fable, fairy and folk tale, legend, biography, stories of heroes, of children, of Nature, and stories suited to the various festival occasions,—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, Easter, and patriotic days. Each group serves a distinct purpose in the life of the school and the child. There is something for every day's needs and for all the children.

Helps to Study (pages 271-279) furnish aid to children in preparing their lessons, and offer suggestions to teachers in making assignments. These are explanatory and suggestive, and include notes and questions designed to aid the pupil in interpreting the thought and to lead him into habits of observation and inquiry.

A Word List for spelling pronunciation and definition concludes the book. This furnishes the basis for daily drill exercises, and for systematically increasing the pupil's vocabulary.

Summer fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



## FAREWELL TO THE FARM

(Vacation Is Over)

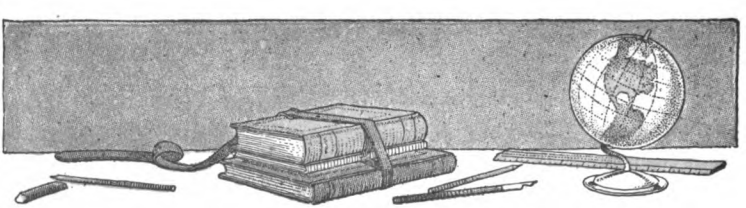
The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



# THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCK

## THE WEE MAN COMES TO TOWN

Did you ever hear how a brownie came to the village of Blednock, and was frightened away again?

Well, it was one summer evening, just when the milking was done and before the children were put to bed. The good people of Blednock were sitting on their door-steps talking to their neighbors, and the children were laughing and playing in the door-yards.

All at once they heard a queer humming noise. It seemed to come from the river-side, far away. Nearer and nearer it sounded. The talking and laughing stopped, and everyone looked toward the river.

And it was no wonder that they stared, for coming up the road was the strangest little creature that anyone had ever seen.

He looked like a wee, wee, man; and yet such a strange man. For his bright red hair was long, and he had a long red beard. His knees knocked together when he walked, and his arms were so long that his hands almost touched the ground. A strange sight it was!

He was singing something over and over. As he came nearer they could make out the words:

"Oh, my name is Aiken-Drum,
And to do your work I've come.
A bite to eat, a bed on hay,
You may give; but nothing pay."

Oh! but I can tell you the people were frightened. The little ones screamed and the larger girls dropped the pails of milk they were carrying home. Even the dogs crept behind their masters; and the big boys, who should have known better, hooted at the little man.

"Did you ever see such eyes?" cried one. "How they twinkle as he walks along!"

"And look at his long beard!" said another; "who ever saw such a red beard before?"

But still the little man went slowly up the street, singing:

"Oh, my name is Aiken-Drum,
And to do your work I've come.
A bite to eat, a bed on hay,
You may give; but nothing pay."

### GRANNY DUNCAN'S ADVICE

Granny Duncan was the oldest and kindest woman in the village. Oh, she was very old! She knew all the tales of the olden time.

"I think this is just a harmless brownie," she said. "Long ago I heard of brownies from my father's father. We will take Baby Meg to see him. If she smiles upon him, he is just a brownie. For babies always love brownies and know them when they see them."

So Baby Meg was brought, and she laughed and crowed and put out her tiny hands to the strange little man.

"He is just a good, kind brownie!" cried Granny Duncan. "Many a long day's work will he do for people who treat him well."

Then everybody grew very brave and crowded around him. And when they were close to him they saw that his hairy face was kind, and that his big eyes had a merry twinkle in them.

"Can you not speak?" asked an old man. "Tell us where you came from."

"I cannot tell you where I came from," said the wee man. "My country has no name, and it is not at all like this land of yours. For there, we all learn to serve, while here, everyone wishes to be served. We love to work. It sometimes happens that there is no work for us at home. Then one of us may come to your land, to see if you have need of him."

"Do you really like to work?" asked idle Tom, who was not troubled in that way. And his eyes looked almost as big as the brownie's.

"I love to serve," said the brownie. "He serves himself best, who serves others most. If I am needed I will stay in this place a while. I do not want clothes or a bed or wages. All I ask for is a corner of the barn to sleep in and a bowl of broth at bedtime.

"If no one troubles me, I will be ready to help anyone who needs me. I'll bring in the sheep from the hill. I'll gather the harvest by moonlight. I'll bake your bread on a busy day. I'll sing the babies to sleep in their cradles. The babies always love me."

No one knew what to say. A little man who would do everything for nothing! It could not

be true! There must be something wrong about it! Men began to whisper to each other. "Perhaps it would be better to have nothing to do with him," they said.

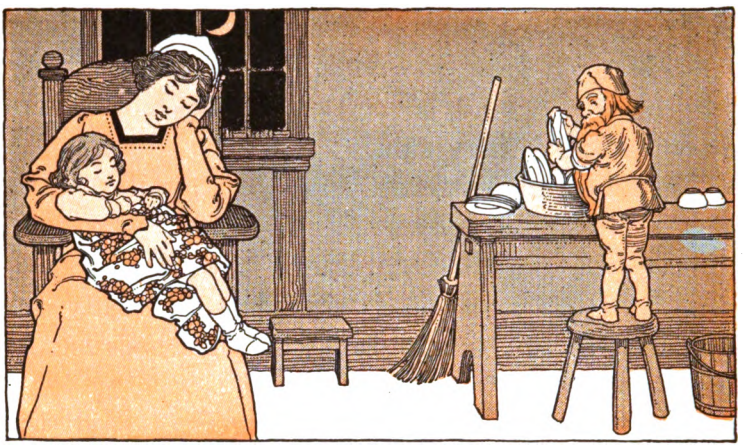
Then Granny Duncan spoke up again. "It's just a harmless brownie, I tell you," she said. "Have you not all complained about your hard work? Here is a good workman all ready for you. Will you turn him away just because he looks so queer?"

"But he will frighten strangers," said the young people. "Our friends will not come to the village if we let him stay. Then it will be lonely here. We will have no good times."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Granny Duncan. "I have heard that a brownie can stack a whole ten-acre field of wheat in a single night."

"A ten-acre field in a single night! Just think of that!" said all the men. The miller told the brownie that he might sleep in a corner of his barn. Granny Duncan promised him a bowl of broth at bedtime.

Then all said good-night and went home, looking over their shoulders to see if the strange little man was following them. You may be very sure that no one lingered behind, that night. No one asked to stay outside just a little longer.



THE BROWNIE'S GOOD DEEDS

All the people of the village were a little afraid at first, but in a week there was another story to tell. For Aiken-Drum was the most wonderful worker that ever was seen, and the strange thing was that he did nearly all of his work at night.

If there was a tired baby to sing to sleep, or a house to be made tidy, or a churnful of cream that would not turn to butter, or bread that would not rise, Aiken-Drum always knew about it. He always came just at the right time.

He gathered the sheep together on stormy nights. He carried home the heavy bundle for a tired man. He stacked the grain safely.

Many a time some poor mother would be up all night with a sick child. She would sit down in front of the fire and fall fast asleep.

When she awoke she would find that Aiken-Drum had made her a visit. For the floor would be scrubbed, the dishes washed, the fire made, and the kettle put on to boil.

But the little man would have slipped quietly away. He never waited to be thanked. It seemed just as if everybody had wishing-caps, for people had only to wish,—and the work was done.

And the village was not lonely, oh, no! People came from everywhere to see if they could catch a glimpse of the strange little visitor.

But they never saw him. One could go to the miller's barn twenty times a day; and twenty times a day one would find nothing but a little heap of hay. The bowl that held his food was always empty in the morning, but no one ever saw the brownie supping the broth.

Little children were the only ones who ever saw him; and oh! how he loved them! Just before bedtime, they would gather around him in some quiet corner by the old mill.

Then the villagers would hear wonderful, low, sweet music. It was Aiken-Drum, singing the songs of his own land to the happy children.

WHY AIKEN-DRUM LEFT BLEDNOCK

And he might be there yet, gathering the harvest and helping tired people with their work; but someone forgot what the little man had said, over and over again, in his strange song:

"A bite to eat, a bed on hay,
You may give; but nothing pay."

You see, a brownie loves to give; he will not work for pay. But someone forgot this.

"I must make something for Aiken-Drum," said a poor woman whom he had helped. "He never will stay to let me thank him. Winter is coming on, and he will be cold in his old worn suit. I will make him a warm coat."

So she cut and sewed and pressed and made a little coat for the brownie. She told no one what she was doing; but one night she put the last stitch in the pretty little garment. Then she went softly to the miller's barn and laid it down beside the bowl of broth.

The villagers of Blednock never saw Aiken-Drum again. For a true brownie must work without taking any reward; he cannot stay where he is paid. The strange little man was obliged to go away.

But sometimes the children hear his voice down by the old mill. It is always soft and low and sweet. He is singing the songs of his own land, just as he used to do when the little ones were gathered around him.

And then the good people in the village remember his kind deeds and his strange saying, "He serves himself best, who serves others most."

*—Elizabeth W. Grierson.*

## THE FAIRIES

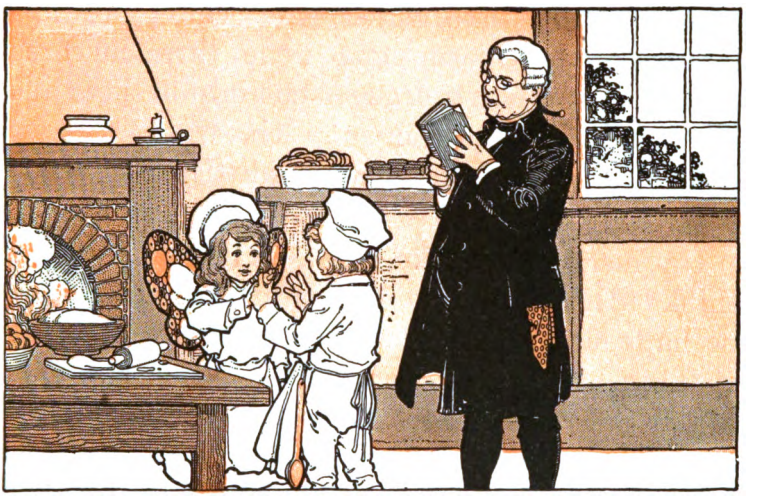
Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow sea-foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
  All night awake.

High on the hilltop
  The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
  He's nigh lost his wits.
By the craggy hillside,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
  For pleasure here and there.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

—*William Allingham.*



## HOW DOUGHNUTS CAME TO BE MADE

Once there was a little Cook who had eyes as dark as black currants; cheeks as pink as his best frosting; and a skin as white as the finest pastry flour.

As for his hair, it was exactly the color of brown sugar, and you know what a pleasant color that is. He wore a snowy cap and apron, and always had a long wooden spoon hanging from his belt.

He was the very best Cook that ever lived, for he never cooked anything that was not good. Jam, and little round plum cakes with pink and

white frosting, and kisses, and lemon pie, and strawberry ice-cream, and little three-cornered raspberry tarts, and oranges cut into baskets and filled with whipped cream,—oh, there was no end to the good things that this little Cook would make.

He made spice-cake, too; and what do you think? One day when he was making spice-cake, he happened to look out of the window and saw walking by, a little Fairy, as pretty as a pink rose. She was a cook, too, and she had on a cap and an apron exactly like his! So the little Cook ran to the door, and called out, "Pretty little Fairy, won't you come in?"

The little Fairy said, "I thank you, kind sir." So she came in and sat down.

The little Cook had dinner all ready, and he brought her some turtle soup, in a little china bowl all painted with butterflies; three oyster patties, the best you ever saw; a fat little quail on toast, with mashed potatoes and gravy; a mince turnover and a lemon tart; a glass of orange jelly; a saucer of ice-cream; and some macaroons!

When the little Fairy had eaten all these dainties, the little Cook said to her, "Can you cook as well as I cooked this dinner?"

"Just as well, but no better," answered the little Fairy.

"Was there anything that could have been done better?" he asked.

"Yes; the piece of toast under the quail was darker on one side than on the other," she answered.

"You are right," said the little Cook, "but only a wonderful cook would have noticed such a fine point. Together we could make the most delicious dainties in the world. Will you marry me?"

"That I will, with all my heart," said the little Fairy; "but where can we find a preacher?"

Just at that moment, who should come into the room but the village preacher, to buy a three-cornered raspberry tart!

"You shall have the tart for nothing," said the little Cook, "if you will marry us."

"I will marry you very gladly," said the preacher. "But where is the wedding ring?"

The little Cook turned round and round and round three times, thinking what he could do. For he had no ring and he did not know where he could get one. But after the third turn, his eyes fell upon the dough that he had been making for the spice-cake. Then he knew what to do.

He made a little ball of dough and patted it flat. Then he took the little Fairy's finger and poked it right through the middle of the dough. Last of all he dropped the dough into a pan of hot fat.

When it was done, it was such a beautiful nut-brown color that the little Fairy cried out, "Why, it looks just like a *dough* nut!"

As soon as it had cooled, the little Cook put it upon the Fairy's finger, which, of course, it fitted perfectly. Then the preacher married them. After the wedding was over, they filled the preacher's hat with raspberry tarts, buns, and spice-cakes; and that was a very good day for the village preacher.

The little Cook and the little Fairy lived together happily ever afterward, both stirring the soup at the same time, and never quarreling. They often made beautiful brown doughnuts, with little round holes in them, to remember their wedding day.

And that is the way doughnuts came to be made.

*—Laura E. Richards—Adapted.*

# THE FAIRY SHOES

## THE FAIRY'S GIFT

Once upon a time a baby boy was born in a little home in a country far away. There was a fine christening feast, and all the friends came. The baby's mother had a fairy godmother, and of course she was invited, too.

"She is rich," said all the friends. "No doubt she will bring a splendid gift."

But when the fairy came, she brought with her only a little brown-paper parcel. How everyone wondered what was in the parcel!

"It looks as if it might be nothing but a silver drinking-cup," said one.

"Well, let us hope the cup may at least be of gold," said another.

"Of what use is a fairy godmother if she doesn't bring riches?" said a third. "A brown-paper parcel! What can be in it?"

The fairy godmother paid no heed to the whispering. She sat through the feast with the brown-paper parcel at her plate.

Then at last she untied the string and opened the parcel. And what do you think was in it? A small pair of leather shoes, with copper tips!

"This is my gift," the fairy said. "It is not quite so poor as it looks. For these little shoes will never wear out. When they grow too small for this little boy, they will be ready for another and another and another. But there is something more wonderful still about them. The little feet that wear them cannot go wrong.

"If you send your little boy to school in these shoes, they will pinch his feet if he loiters by the way. They will make him so uncomfortable that he will be glad to hurry on in the right path. If you send him on an errand they will remind him to go quickly. And they will see that he always gets home on time."

Years went by, and the little family grew larger, until at last there were nine boys. Eight of them, one after the other, had worn the fairy shoes; but they never wore out.

And just as the fairy godmother had said, the feet in the fairy shoes were sure to go where they were sent and to come back when it was time. So all the boys had learned to be prompt and obedient.

When it came Timothy's turn to wear the shoes, he was older than the others had been. And because he was the youngest of the nine sons, he had been a good deal petted and spoiled.

He had grown very willful, and his feet were pretty well used to taking their own way. At last he played truant from school so often, and was late for dinner so many times that his mother said, "Tim, you must wear the fairy shoes."

So the shoes were blackened and their copper tips were polished; and one morning Timothy put them on to wear to school.

"I hope you will be a good boy, Tim," said his mother. "You must not loiter or play truant, for if you do, these shoes will pinch you, and you will be sure to be found out."

Tim's mother held him by the right arm while she told him these things, and Tim's left arm and both his legs were already as far away as he could stretch them.

At last she set him free, and he went off like an arrow from a bow. And he did not give a single thought to what she had said.

### TIM LEARNS A LESSON

It was a May morning, and the sun shone brightly. Tim wanted to loiter on this beautiful morning, when every nook had a flower and every bush a bird.

Twirr-r-r-r! up into the blue sky went the lark; the pretty daisies were like stars in the grass; and down in the dark.swamp the marsh-marigolds bloomed and shone.

Once or twice Tim loitered to pick flowers; but the shoes pinched his feet, and he ran on. But when the path led near the swamp, and he saw the marsh-marigolds, he stopped.

"I must have some of those beauties," he said. "They are like cups of gold!" Tim forgot everything that his mother had said and began to scramble down the steep bank to the swamp.

But how strangely his shoes behaved! As often as he turned toward the shining flowers, the fairy shoes turned back again toward school. They pinched and pulled and twisted until Tim feared that his ankles would be broken.

In spite of the fairy shoes, Tim dragged himself down to the swamp. But when he got there, he could not find a flower within reach. All the marigolds were far out in the marsh.

The fairy shoes jerked and pinched and twisted; but Tim was stubborn. He went on and on, farther into the swamp, and at last he got near a great cluster of the beautiful flowers.

"I will have them!" he said; and he gave a great jump. Down he sank into the swamp. But when he pulled his feet out of the thick black mud,—off came the troublesome fairy shoes! He was free to go where he pleased.

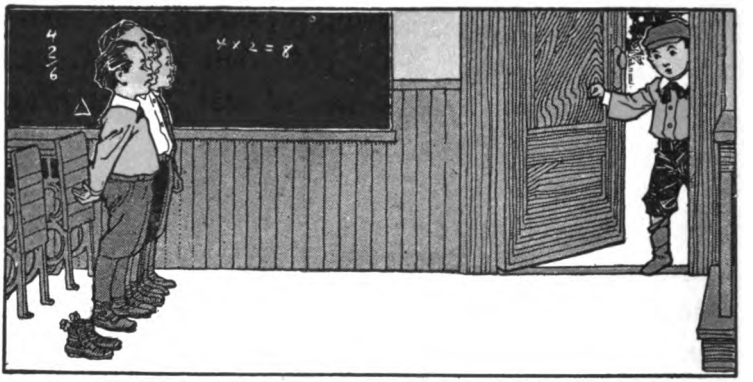
Tim wondered why his brothers had never thought of this good plan. "Just leave the fairy shoes in the mud," he said. "That's the way to see the last of them!"

He went on easily now, wading from cluster to cluster, until he had a great handful of the bright marsh-marigolds.

At last, when Tim was beginning to feel tired, he hurt his foot on a sharp stump. Just then a fat green frog jumped so close to his face that it frightened him, and he nearly fell backward into the water.

Out he scrambled and up the bank he climbed! After cleaning himself as well as he could with his little handkerchief, he went on to school.

"What shall I say to the teacher?" Tim thought. "Oh, how I wish I had done as the fairy shoes wanted me to do!"



The little truant reached the school and quietly opened the door. The boys of his class were standing ready for a lesson. As soon as they saw Tim, all the children began to laugh.

Tim looked to see why they were laughing—and what do you think? There on the floor, just where Tim should have stood, were the fairy shoes, all covered with mud! In each of them was a beautiful marsh-marigold.

"You have been in the swamp, Timothy," said the teacher. "Put on your shoes at once."

When his lessons and his punishment were over, Tim was glad enough to let the fairy shoes take him straight home. After that, he heeded the little shoes and soon learned to be as prompt and obedient as his brothers.

*—Juliana Horatia Ewing—Adapted.*

## THE BROWNIES

### TOMMY'S DREAM

Wonderful stories grandmother told Johnnie and Tommy!—stories of hobgoblins and dwarfs and fairies. Once she told them about a brownie who lived in their own family long ago.

He was a little fellow, no larger than Tommy, she said, but very active. He slept by the fire, and he was so shy that no one ever saw him.

But early in the morning, when all the family were in their beds, this brownie would get up, sweep the room, build the fire, spread the table, milk the cow, churn the cream, bring the water, and scrub the floors until there was not a speck of dirt anywhere.

The children liked this story very much, and oh! how they did wish such a brownie would come to live in their house!

Over and over again they said, "Was there really and truly a brownie, grandmother? And did he really do all the work as you say? How we wish he would come back again! Why, he could mind the baby, and tidy the room, and bring in the wood, and wait on you, grandmother! Can't we do something to get him back again?"

"I don't know, my dears," said grandmother. "But when I was a young girl, they used to say that if one set a bowl of bread and milk, or even a pan of clear water for him over night, he would be sure to come. And just for that, he would do all the work."

"Oh! let us try it!" said both the boys; and Johnnie ran to get a pan, while Tommy brought fresh water from the well. They knew, poor hungry lads, that there was no bread or milk in the house. Their father, who was a poor tailor, could hardly earn money enough to buy food for them all. His wife was dead, and the work of the house took so much of his time that he could not make many coats.

Johnnie and Tommy were idle and lazy and too thoughtless to help their father, although they were strong young boys.

One night, soon after this, Tommy had a wonderful dream. He thought he went down into the meadow by the old mill pond. There he saw an owl, who rolled her great eyes, and called out, "Tuwhit, tuwhoo! Tommy, what are you doing way down here at this time of night?"

"Please, I came to find the brownies," said Tommy; "can you tell me where they live, ma'am?"

"Tuwhoo, tuwhoo!" screamed the old owl; "so it's the brownies you are after, is it? Tuwhoo, tuwhoo! Go look in the mill pond. Tuwhoo, tuwhoo! Go look in the water at midnight, and you'll see one. By the light of the moon, a brownie you'll see to be sure, but *such* a lazy one! Tuwhoo, tuwhoo!" screamed the old owl, as she went sailing away.

"The mill pond, at midnight, by moonlight!" thought Tommy. What could the old owl mean? It was midnight then, and moonlight, too; and there he was right down by the water. "Silly old thing," said Tommy; "brownies don't live in the water."

But for all that, Tommy went to the bank of the pond and peeped in. The moon was shining as bright as day; and what do you suppose Tommy saw? Why, just a picture of himself in the water! That was all.

"I am not a brownie!" he said to himself. But the longer he looked, the harder he thought.

At last he said to himself, "I wonder if I am a brownie! Perhaps I am one, after all. Grandmother said they are about as large as I am. And the owl said I would see a very lazy one if I looked in the water. Am I lazy? That must be what she meant. I am the brownie myself!"

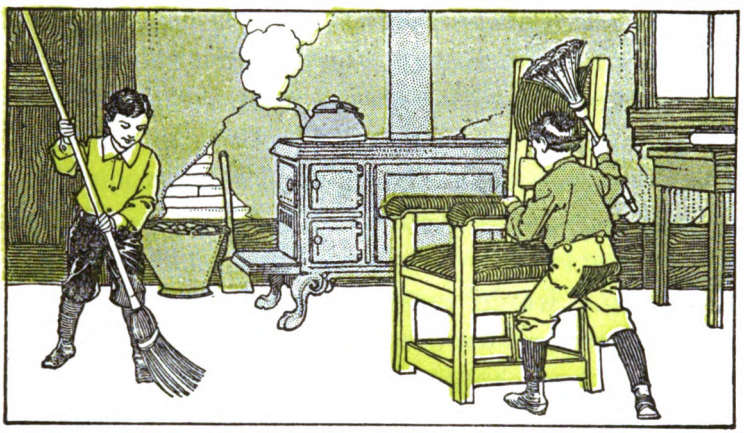
The longer he thought about it, the surer he was that he must be a brownie. "Why," he thought, "if I am one, Johnnie must be another; then there are two of us. I'll go home and tell Johnnie all about it."

Off he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, and just as he was calling, "Johnnie, Johnnie! We are brownies! The old owl told me!" he found himself wide awake, sitting up in bed, and rubbing his eyes, while Johnnie lay fast asleep by his side.

The first faint rays of morning light were just creeping in at their chamber window. "Johnnie, Johnnie, Johnnie, wake up!" cried Tommy. "I have something to tell you!"

After he had told his brother all about his strange dream, Tommy said, "Let us play we really are brownies, Johnnie, even if we are not. Let us do the housework, and be like the brownie that grandmother told us about. It will be great fun to surprise father and grandmother. We will keep out of sight and tell about it afterwards. Oh, do come! It will be such fun!"

So these two brownies put on their clothes in a great hurry and crept softly to the kitchen. There they found enough work for a dozen brownies to do.



THE REAL BROWNIES AT WORK

Tommy built up a blazing fire, and, while the kettle was boiling, swept the untidy floor. Johnnie dusted his grandmother's chair, made the cradle ready for his baby sister, and spread the table for breakfast.

Just as they had finished their work, they heard their father's footstep on the stairs. "Run!" whispered Tommy, "or father will see us." So away the boys scampered to their bed, and pretended that they were asleep.

How surprised the poor tailor was when he saw the work that had been done in the kitchen! He thought that the brownie he had heard about in his childhood had come back again.

The old grandmother was much pleased. "What did I tell you, son Thomas?" she said. "I always knew there were real brownies."

Although it was fun for the boys to play that they were brownies, it was hard work, too. They sometimes thought they would leave off; but then they would think of their hard-working father and would grow quite ashamed.

Now, things were much better at home than they had been before. The tailor never scolded; grandmother was more cheerful than of old; the baby was less fretful, and the house was always tidy.

The tailor had more time for his work, now that the brownies helped to keep the house in order. He could make more coats and could get more money, and the boys did not go to bed hungry any more. There was always bread and milk enough for everyone; and each night, the boys set out on the doorstep a great bowlful for the brownie's supper.

At last the tailor said, "I am going to do something for that brownie. He has done so much for us all." So he cut and stitched the neatest little coat you ever saw. "I have always heard," he said, "that a brownie's clothes are ragged, and so I know our brownie will need this."

When the coat was finished, it was very fine, all stitched with gold thread and covered with brass buttons. The strangest thing about it was that it just fitted Tommy.

That night the little coat was placed by the bowl of milk, set for the brownie. At daybreak, the tailor was awakened by the sound of laughter and scuffling in the kitchen. "That must be the brownie," he thought; and getting out of bed he crept softly down the stairs.

But when he reached the kitchen, instead of the brownie, he saw Johnnie and Tommy sweeping and making the fire and dusting and setting the table.

Tommy had put on the coat that his father had made for the brownie, and was skipping about in it. He was laughing and calling to Johnnie to see how fine he looked in it. "Johnnie," he said, "I wish father had made it to fit you."

"Boys, what does all this mean?" cried the surprised tailor. "Tommy, why have you put on that coat?"

When the boys saw their father, they ran to him and said, "There is no brownie, father! We have done the work. And O, father! we are sorry that we were lazy and idle so long;

but we mean to be brownies now, real brownies, and help you till we grow to be big men."

The poor tailor was so happy that there were tears in his eyes as he kissed his boys.

Tommy and Johnnie kept their promise. But after a while, their little sister grew to be the best brownie of all. She kept her father's house bright and clean with brush and broom and dustpan.

—*Jane L. Hoxie.*

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## FAIRY-FOLK

The story-books have told you
  Of the fairy-folk so nice,
That make them leather aprons
  Of the ears of little mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
  Like a cap upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
  Instead of feather-beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;
And come into your chambers,
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls;
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.

—*Alice Cary.*

## THE SKYLARK'S SPURS

### THE UNKIND FAIRY

There was once a fairy who had one very bad habit. She liked to find fault with everybody she met.

One day when she lay down in a meadow to take a nap she heard a deep sigh. Peeping out, she saw a young lark sitting near her in the long grass.

"What troubles you?" asked the fairy.

"Oh, I am so unhappy," replied the poor lark; "I want to build a nest, but I have no mate."

"Why don't you look for a mate, then?" said the fairy, laughing at him. "Do you expect one to come and look for you? Fly up and sing a beautiful song in the sky, and then perhaps some pretty bird will hear you. If you tell her that you will help her to build a nest, and that you will sing to her all day long, it may be that she will be your mate."

"Oh, I don't like to fly up," said the lark; "I am so ugly. If I were a robin, with red feathers on my breast, I should not mind showing my feet. But I am only a poor skylark, and I know that I shall never be able to get a mate."

"But you should try, anyway," said the fairy.

"Oh, but you don't know," said the lark, "that if I fly up, my feet will be seen; and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are so long that they would frighten anyone. And yet, fairy, I am not a cruel bird."

"Let me look at your claws," said the fairy.

So the lark lifted up one of his feet, which he had kept hidden in the long grass.

"Are you sure that you never use your claws to fight with?" asked the fairy.

"I never fought in my life," said the lark, "yet these claws grow longer and longer."

"Why don't you pull them off?" asked the fairy.

"That is easier said than done," answered the unhappy bird.

"Well, I am sorry for you," said the fairy; "but at the same time, you must be a quarrelsome bird, or you would not have such long spurs."

"That is just what I am always afraid people will say," said the poor lark.

"Well, nothing is given to us unless it is to be of some use," said the fairy. "You would not have wings unless you were to fly, or a voice unless you were to sing. So you would not have those spurs unless you were to fight."

"I am sure I never fight," said the lark, lifting up his foot and looking at it. "And I thought you might be willing to say to your friends that I am not a quarrelsome bird."

"No, I cannot help you," said the unkind fairy. "I still think those spurs are meant to fight with. Good morning."

THE SKYLARK WINS A MATE

After the fairy had left him, the poor skylark sat quietly in the grass for a long time. By and by a grasshopper came chirping up and tried to comfort him.

"I heard what the fairy said to you. But I have known you a long time, and I have never seen you fight. I will tell everyone that you are a very good-tempered bird, and that you are looking for a mate."

The skylark was so pleased at these kind words, that he flew up into the air. The higher he went, the sweeter was the song which he sang.

The doves stopped their cooing to listen; and the little field-mice came out and sat in the openings of their holes.

"I never heard such a beautiful song in my life—never!" cried a pretty brown lark.

"It was sung by my friend, the skylark," said the grasshopper. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he wants a mate."

"Hush!" said the pretty brown lark. "I want to hear the end of that wonderful song." And she held her breath, for she did not want to lose a single note.

"Well done, my friend!" said the grasshopper, when the skylark came down again. Then he told him how much the brown lark had been pleased with his song. And a moment later, he took the poor skylark to see her.

The skylark walked carefully, so that the brown lark could not see his feet. He thought that never before had he seen such a pretty bird.

When she told him how much she loved music, he sprang up again into the blue sky and sang even more sweetly than before. He was so glad to think that he could please her!

The grasshopper did not fail to praise the singer, and to say what a cheerful, kind bird he was. And so after a while, when the skylark

asked the brown lark to become his mate, she made his heart glad by saying "Yes."

"I do not mind your spurs," she said. "I should not like you to have short claws like other birds, although I cannot say exactly why. For they do not seem to be of any use."

This was good news to the skylark, and he sang sweeter songs than ever before.

### WHAT THE SKYLARK'S SPURS WERE FOR

After a time, the skylark and the brown lark built a little nest in the grass. The skylark was so happy that he almost forgot about his long spurs.

But the unkind fairy did not forget about the spurs. One afternoon she happened to see the lark's friend. "How do you do, Grasshopper?" she asked.

"Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the grasshopper. "People are so kind to me."

"How is your quarrelsome friend, the lark?" asked the fairy.

"He is not quarrelsome," replied the grasshopper. "I wish you would not say that he is."

"Oh, well," said the fairy, laughing, "the lark does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

The grasshopper did not argue with the fairy, but said, "Suppose you come and see the eggs that the pretty brown lark has in her nest—three beautiful spotted eggs."

Off they went together; but what was their surprise to find the little lark trembling and weeping as she sat upon the nest.

"Ah, my pretty eggs!" said the lark as soon as she saw her visitors. "They will certainly be broken."

"What is the matter?" asked the grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you."

"Dear Grasshopper," said the lark, "I have just heard the farmer say that tomorrow morning he will begin to cut the grass in this meadow."

"That is a great pity," said the grasshopper. "What a sad thing it is that you laid your eggs on the ground!"

"Larks always do," said the little bird, weeping. And neither the grasshopper nor the fairy could do anything to help her.

At last her mate, the skylark, dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing. In great fright, he asked what the matter was.

When they told him, for a time he was very sad, but after a while he lifted his feet and began to look at his long spurs.

"If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge," cried the poor little bird, "they would be safe now."

"My dear," said the skylark, "don't be unhappy." As he said these words, he hopped up to the nest, laid the claws of one foot upon the prettiest egg, and clasped it with his long spur. And what do you think he found? The spur exactly fitted the little egg!

"Oh, my good mate!" cried the mother bird; "do you think that you can carry all the eggs to a safe place?"

"To be sure I can," replied the skylark, beginning slowly and carefully to hop, with the egg in his right foot. "I have always wondered what my spurs could be for, and now I see."

So he hopped gently on with the egg, until he came to a safe place on the other side of the hedge. There he put it down and came back for the others.

"Hurrah!" cried the grasshopper, "Lark's spurs forever!"

The fairy did not have a word to say. She felt very much ashamed of herself, because she had told the skylark that his spurs were meant to fight with. She sat looking on in silence, until the last of the eggs had been carried to the other side of the hedge.

Then the skylark sprang up into the sky again, singing to his proud little mate. He was very happy, because now he knew what his long spurs were for.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

## THE JUMBLIES

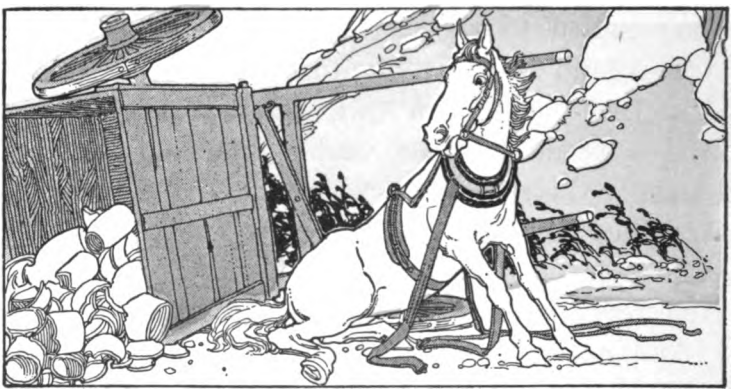
They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And everyone said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees;
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.

And in twenty years they all came back,—
In twenty years or more;
And everyone said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And everyone said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve.

—*Edward Lear.*



## OLD HORSES KNOW BEST

An old horse and a young horse were drawing two carts which were piled high with jars and dishes and bowls.

When they came to a hill, the old horse went down so slowly and carefully that the young horse laughed at him. "How slow you are!" he said. "That would do if you were going up-hill, but this is down-hill. I'll show you how to go down in a hurry."

Then the young horse started quickly down the hill. The heavy cart rolled after him, and pushed against him so hard that he had to go faster and faster.

On he went, over stones and ruts! At last the horse and the cart and all the jars and dishes

and bowls went headlong into a ditch. The young horse looked at the over-turned cart and the broken dishes.

"I see that I have some things to learn yet," he said. "Old horses know best, after all."

—*Russian.*

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## THE MISER

Once upon a time there was a miser who hid his gold at the foot of a tree in his garden. Every week he dug it up and looked at it.

One night a robber dug up the gold and ran away with it. The next morning, when the miser came to look at his treasure, he found only the empty hole.

Then he raised such a cry of sorrow that the neighbors ran to find out what the trouble was. In great grief, he told them of his loss.

"Did you ever use any of the gold?" asked one of his neighbors.

"No," answered the miser; "I only came to look at it."

"Then come again and look at the hole," said the neighbor. "That will do you just as much good as to look at the gold."

—*Æsop.*

## THE DOG AND THE HORSE

A dog and a horse once lived in the same farm-yard. In the spring the fields around the farm were green with grain; in summer they were yellow with ripening wheat; in autumn they were brown with the harvest.

As the neighbors passed by this farm, they always said, "Stefan has a fine farm. He is a lucky man."

One day, when the dog heard these words, he said to the horse, "Of course Stefan has a fine farm. That is because I work so hard. In the day-time, I keep the cattle out of the fields of grain. At night I guard the house and barns so that thieves cannot enter.

"But what do you do? I have never seen you do anything but plough, or draw a cart; and you sleep all night. The farm could get along without you."

"What you say is true," answered the horse. "You do keep the cattle out of the fields of grain, and you do guard the barns and the house at night. But did you ever stop to think that if I did not plough the fields, there would be no grain here for you to watch?

"Stefan would have no wheat and oats and barley in his barns. He would not need to keep a watch-dog, and you would have no home. Perhaps I had better live in the farm-yard a little longer. What do you think about it now?"

And for once, the dog had nothing to say.

—*Russian.*

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## THE FOX AND THE CROW

Once a crow, with a piece of cheese in her beak, was sitting in a tree. A fox saw her and thought, "How good that cheese looks!"

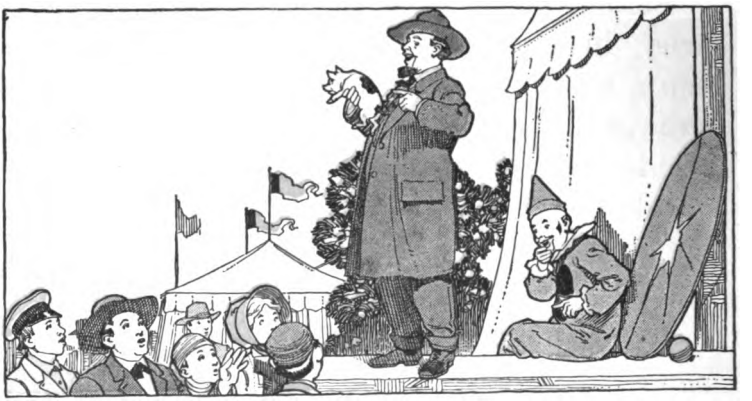
So he walked up to the foot of the tree and called out, "Good-morning, Madam Crow! How beautiful your feathers are! I am sure that you have a fine voice, too. Will you not sing a song for me?"

The crow was so pleased at this praise, that she began to "caw." But the moment she opened her mouth to sing, the cheese fell to the ground.

"You need not sing any more, Madam Crow," said the fox, snapping up the cheese. "All that I wanted was the cheese."

"How foolish I was to let him flatter me!" said the crow.

—*Æsop.*



## THE CLOWN AND THE COUNTRYMAN

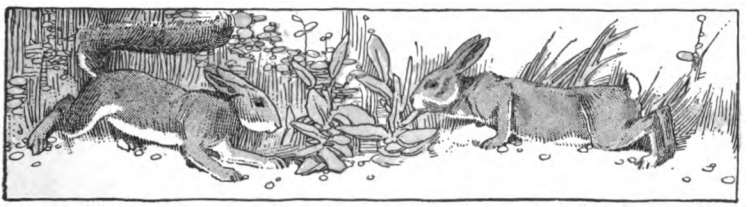
At a country fair there was a clown who made a noise so much like a pig's squeal that he fooled the people.

But a countryman called out, "That does not sound like a pig's squeal. Tomorrow I will show you what a pig's squeal is like."

The people laughed at him, but the next day he came back, put his head down, and pretended to squeal. At once the people called out, "That does not sound like a pig!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the countryman, holding out a little pig which had been hidden behind him. "You do not know a pig's squeal when you hear it."

*—Old Tale.*



## WHY THE RABBIT'S TAIL IS SHORT

Once upon a time the rabbit had a long tail, but now it is short. And this is how the change came about.

A young rabbit one day sat on the edge of a swamp, looking at the juicy green plants on the other side. They were the only things to eat that he could see. So he wanted to go across the swamp, but he could not swim.

Just then a lazy old alligator poked his nose above the water. "I might ask him to take me across," said the rabbit to himself. "But I am afraid that he is too proud to carry me, because he can walk and swim, too. Perhaps I can get across the swamp by playing a trick upon him. I will try it."

"You look warm, Friend Rabbit," said the alligator. "Why don't you come into the water? It is cool here." Now the alligator knew very well that the rabbit could not swim.

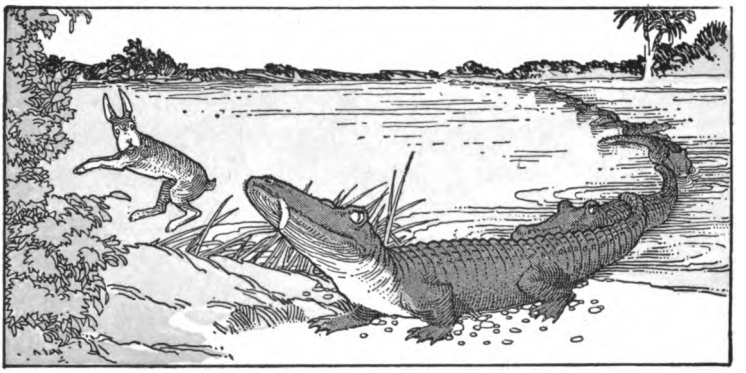
"I am not warm at all," said the rabbit, "but I am a little hungry. You see, there are a great many rabbits in the world. There are hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of them. So, of course, it takes a great many green leaves to feed us. Oh, yes, Friend Alligator, we are a very large and important family! There are many more rabbits than alligators."

"How foolish you are!" cried the alligator, angrily. "Why, there are thousands and thousands and thousands of alligators in the world! There are more than a hundred alligators in this swamp! Can you find a hundred rabbits in the woods?"

"Certainly I can!" said the rabbit. "I'll count the alligators, and then you may count the rabbits. Call the alligators together. Make a line of them across the swamp so that I can hop out upon their backs and count them."

So the old alligator called and called. Up from the swamp came alligators, big ones and middle-sized ones and little ones. The old alligator made them into a line right across the swamp, just like a bridge.

"Now count them, Friend Rabbit," he said. "If there are not more than a hundred alligators here, you may eat me!"



The rabbit hopped upon the alligator-bridge. As he went from one to another, he counted them, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven," and so on up to a hundred. Yes! there were a hundred, even more than a hundred.

But by the time he had counted the last alligator, of course the sly rabbit was on the other side of the swamp.

"I'll call the rabbits together some other day, when I am not so hungry," he called back to the old alligator. "Good-bye! Who is foolish now?" he said with a laugh.

But the rabbit laughed too soon. For one of the alligators caught the end of the rabbit's tail in his great jaws, and bit it off.

And since that time, rabbits' tails have always been short.

—*Southern.*

## THE SIMPLETON

### ACT I

*Time*—Long Ago

*Place*—A Road Between Two Fields

*Persons:*

Simpleton
First Countryman
Second Countryman

*Simpleton walks along, jingling coins. He meets First Countryman carrying a basket.*

Simpleton. Good-day, Sir! What have you in your basket?

First Countryman. [*Gruffly.*] Nothing for you!

*Simpleton walks away, clinking his money.*

First Countryman. [*Calling after Simpleton.*] What is that noise I hear?

SIMPLETON. [*Stopping.*] Oh, that is just my money, clinking!

FIRST COUNTRYMAN. How did you get money enough to make such a merry sound?

SIMPLETON. Oh, my brothers gave me twenty marks. They say that I am a simpleton, so they sent me out into the world to seek my fortune.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN. Oho! Well, see! This is a goose in my basket, a wonderful goose, a splendid goose! I am taking it to market.

SIMPLETON. [*Peeping into the basket.*] Will you sell your goose for twenty marks?

FIRST COUNTRYMAN. Well, it is worth more than that, but I will let you have it.

*Simpleton buys the goose and goes on. Suddenly he stops, and looks eagerly at something far away. Just then Second Countryman comes along.*

SIMPLETON. [*Pointing.*] Who lives in that beautiful palace on the hill yonder?

SECOND COUNTRYMAN. What a simpleton you must be! Have you never heard of the King's palace? Our great King lives there.

SIMPLETON. Oho! I will take my goose to the palace and give it to the King.

*He goes on his way, singing merrily.*

## ACT II

*Time*—THE SAME DAY
*Place*—THE KING'S PALACE

*Persons:*
SIMPLETON
FIRST COURTIER
SECOND COURTIER

*Simpleton, with his basket, knocks at the palace door. First Courtier opens it.*

FIRST COURTIER. What do you want?

SIMPLETON. I want to see the King. I have a present for him.

FIRST COURTIER. Oh, indeed! It is plain that you were never in the King's palace before. Don't you know that I must see your present before it can be taken to the King?

SIMPLETON. Well, you may see it. [*Opens basket.*]

FIRST COURTIER. That's a fine goose. But half of it is mine!

SIMPLETON. What do you mean?

FIRST COURTIER. You must be a simpleton! I am keeper of the palace door. Half of everything that is carried through it must be given to me.

SIMPLETON. But this is a present for the King. I cannot take half a goose to the King.

FIRST COURTIER. That is true, but I will tell you what to do. Take the goose to the King. He will reward you. Promise me that I shall have half of whatever the King gives you.

SIMPLETON. [*Pausing to think.*] Very well! I give you my promise.

*First Courtier takes Simpleton to the stairs, where they meet Second Courtier.*

SECOND COURTIER. Here, here! Not so fast! Who are you? What is your business?

SIMPLETON. I have a present for the King.

SECOND COURTIER. What is it? You cannot go further until I see what it is.

SIMPLETON. [*Opening the basket.*] It is a goose.

SECOND COURTIER. It is a splendid goose! But it is plain that you are a simpleton. I am the keeper of these stairs, and half of everything that goes up them is mine.

SIMPLETON. But I cannot give half a goose to the King. Let me see. [*He pauses to think.*] This keeper of the door says the King may reward me. Suppose I give you half of my reward?

SECOND COURTIER. Is it a promise?

SIMPLETON. Yes, it is a promise.

SECOND COURTIER. Then I will lead you to the King.

*Simpleton and Courtiers go up the stairs.*

## ACT III

*Time*—A Few Moments Later
*Place*—The Throne-Room of the Palace

*Persons:*

| | |
|---|---|
| The King | Second Courtier |
| Simpleton | Third Courtier |
| First Courtier | Other Courtiers |

*Second Courtier leads Simpleton to the King. First Courtier follows.*

King. What have you in that basket?

Simpleton. [*Bowing low.*] I have brought a gift for Your Majesty.

King. [*To Second Courtier.*] Open the basket. [*To Simpleton, as the goose is uncovered.*] This is indeed a goose fit for a King. You shall be rewarded for your gift. Choose wisely, and you shall have whatever you ask.

Second Courtier. [*Whispering to Simpleton.*] Ask for a bag of gold!

First Courtier. [*Whispering to Simpleton.*] Ask for a box full of jewels.

Simpleton. I will ask for neither a bag of gold nor a box of jewels. [*He bows low.*] I ask for no reward but a sound beating, O King.

*All the Courtiers cry out in surprise.*

KING. A sound beating! I thought all lads had those in plenty without the asking. Come, change your mind! Do you call that a wise choice?

SIMPLETON. [*Bowing low.*] I wish nothing for a reward but a sound beating.

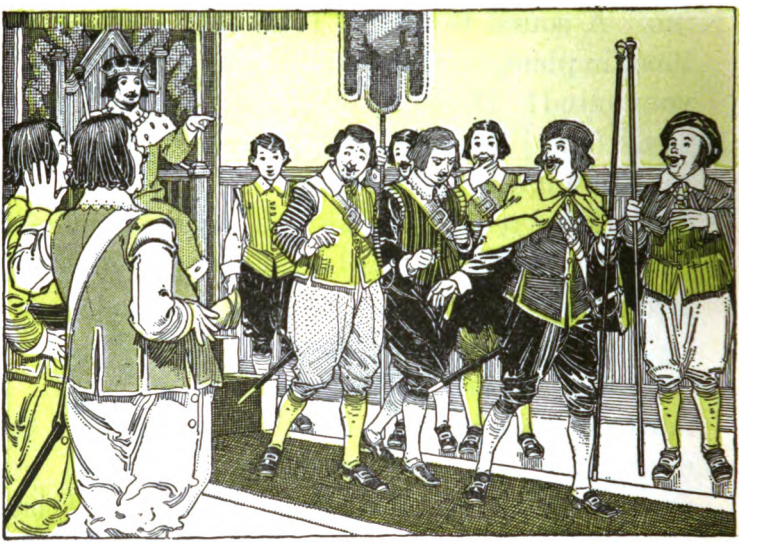
KING. Then it shall be as you say. [*To Third Courtier.*] Take this lad away and give him fifty strokes.

*Third Courtier goes toward Simpleton.*

SIMPLETON. Wait! This reward is not mine. I must not take it. The Courtier who guards the door made me promise to give him half my reward before he would open the door. I had to promise the other half to the Courtier who guards the stairs, before he would lead me here. It is only right that I should keep my promises. It would not be honest for me to take the reward; these Courtiers must have it.

*The King and the Courtiers stare in wonder. Then, as they begin to understand, they nod their heads.*

KING. [*To First and Second Courtiers, sternly.*] Is this the way you treat strangers? [*To Third Courtier.*] Each claimed half of the reward. Very well! The reward is fifty strokes of the cudgel. Take them out and give each of them half of the reward.



*First Courtier and Second Courtier are led out. The other Courtiers laugh aloud at the justice of the reward. Even the King smiles.*

ALL. Ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!

KING. As for you, my lad, tell me your name.

SIMPLETON. My brothers call me Simpleton. They have sent me out into the world to make my fortune.

KING. Then it is already made. You shall stay here in my service. I have need of just such simpletons as you.

*—Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm—Adapted.*

## THE STONE-CUTTER

A stone-cutter named Tawara once lived in Japan. Every day he went to the mountain with his mallet and chisel. There he cut blocks of stone and polished them for the builder.

One day he carried a block of stone to a rich man's house, where he saw all sorts of beautiful furnishings. "Oh! I wish I were rich!" said Tawara. "Then I, too, could sleep in a soft bed."

Now the Fairy of the Mountains heard this wish and granted it. When Tawara reached his home, he stared in wonder! For a beautiful house stood where his poor little hut had been! That night, he slept on a bed as soft as down.

"I will work no more," said Tawara to himself. So, for a time, he lived happily in the great house with gold furnishings all about him, eating rich food and wearing fine clothing.

But one day as he looked out of his window he saw a carriage go by, drawn by snow-white horses. In it sat a prince, with a golden umbrella held over his head by a servant.

Tawara forgot his good fortune. "Oh, I wish I were a prince!" he said. "I want to ride in a carriage, with a golden umbrella over my head."

No sooner had he made his wish than he found that he was a prince. He rode in his carriage through the streets with a golden umbrella held over his head.

"Now I am happy," said Tawara to himself.

And for a time he was happy. But one hot summer day, he went into his garden to look at his roses. "Why do these flowers droop their heads?" he asked.

His servants bowed before him. "It is the sun, O Prince!" they said. "We have watered the garden, just as you told us to do, but the heat of the sun is too great."

"Is the sun greater than I am?" cried Tawara. "I wish I were the sun!"

No sooner had he made his wish than he found that he was the sun. He burned the rice fields and withered the flowers with his fierce heat.

"Now at last I am great!" he said to himself, proudly. "No one is so mighty as I."

But one day a thick black cloud covered his face. He could not pierce it with his strongest rays, so he became unhappy. "The cloud is mightier than I," he said. "I wish I were the cloud."

No sooner had he made his wish than he found that he was the cloud. He hid the sun and sent rain to the earth. The rice fields were green again, and the flowers bloomed.

But still the cloud poured down rain day after day. The rivers overflowed their banks; villages and towns were washed away. But one thing he could not move. The great stone of the mountain-side stood firm.

He was very angry. "Is the stone of the mountain-side stronger than I am?" he cried. "I wish I were that stone!"

No sooner had he made his wish than he found that he was the stone. "Now at last I am happy," he said. "I am greater than sun and cloud. I cannot be burned. I cannot be washed away."

Then one day he heard a noise,—tap, tap, tap. A stone-cutter stood there, working with mallet and chisel. He drove the sharp tool into the stone as he cut out blocks for the builder.

The great stone shivered as he felt the blows. "Here is someone who is stronger than I," he cried. "I wish I were that man."

No sooner had he made his wish than he found that he was the man. He was Tawara, the stone-cutter, again. He lived in a little hut. He ate simple food and worked from morning till night; but, he was happy. He sang as he worked, and he did not wish again to be mightier than others.

"A little home, sweet sleep, and useful work—what is better than these?" said Tawara, the stone-cutter.

—*Japanese.*

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## THE PIGTAIL'S PLACE

There lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—
He turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

## THE GOLDEN FISH

### THE KIND-HEARTED FISHERMAN

Long ago, an old man and his wife lived upon an island in the middle of the sea. They were so poor that they were often without food.

One day the man had been fishing for many hours, but without any success. At last he caught a small golden fish, with eyes as bright as diamonds.

"Put me back into the sea, kind man," cried the little fish. "I am so small that I would not make a mouthful for you."

The old man felt so sorry for the little fish that he took him off the hook and threw him

back into the sea. As the golden fish swam away, he called out to the fisherman, "If ever you need me, call to me. I will come at once to help you. I will do this because you were kind to me."

The fisherman laughed merrily. He did not believe a fish could help him except in giving him food. When he went home, he told his wife what a wonderful fish he had caught.

"What!" she cried. "You put him back into the sea after you had caught him? How foolish you were! We have no food in the house, and now, I suppose, we must starve!"

She scolded him so much that at last the poor man went back to the sea. He did not really believe that the fish would help him, but he thought it would do no harm to find out.

"Golden fish, golden fish!" he called. "Come to me, I pray."

As the last word was spoken, the wonderful fish popped his head out of the water

"I have kept my promise, you see," said the fish. "What can I do for you, my good friend?"

"There is no food in the house," answered the old man, "and my wife is very angry with me for putting you back into the sea."

"Do not be troubled," said the golden fish. "Go home. You will find food, and to spare."

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE LEARNS A LESSON

The old man hurried home to see if his little friend had spoken the truth. He found the oven full of fine white loaves of bread!

"I did not do so badly for you, after all, good wife," said the fisherman, as they ate their supper.

But his wife was not satisfied, yet. The more she had, the more she wanted. She lay awake that night, thinking what else she could ask of the golden fish.

"Wake up, you lazy man," she cried to her husband, very early in the morning. "Go down to the sea and tell your fish that I must have a new wash-tub."

The old man did as his wife bade him. The moment he called, the fish came, and seemed quite willing to do as he was asked. When the fisherman returned to his home, he saw there a new wash-tub!

"Why didn't you ask for a new house, too?" his wife said, angrily. "If you had asked for a fine house, he would have given it to us. Go back and say that we must have a new house."

The fisherman did not like to trouble his friend again so soon; but when he went, he found the golden fish as willing as ever to help him.

"Very well," said the fish. "A new house you shall have." And when the old man went back to his wife, he found a beautiful house instead of his little hut!

It would have pleased him greatly if his wife had been contented now. But she was a foolish woman, and even yet did nothing but grumble.

"Tell your golden fish," she said the next day, "that I want to live in a palace. I want a great many servants to wait upon me, and a splendid carriage to drive in."

Once more her wish was granted. But now the poor fisherman's life was even more unhappy than before. For his wife would not allow him to share her palace, but made him live in the stables.

"At any rate," he said to himself, "I have peace here." But it was not long before she sent for him again.

"Go, call the golden fish," she commanded. "Tell him I wish to be Queen of the Waters and to rule over all the fishes in the sea."

The poor old man felt sorry for the fishes if she ever ruled over them; for riches had quite spoiled her. Still, he did not dare to disobey her, so once more he called his good friend.

But when the golden fish heard what the fisherman's wife wanted this time, he cried out, "Make

your wife the Queen of the Waters! Never! She is not fit to rule others. She cannot rule herself. Go home! You will see me no more."

The old man went sorrowfully home, and found the palace changed to a hut. His wife was no longer dressed in rich garments; she was wearing the simple dress of a fisherman's wife. But she was now quiet and mild, and much more easy to live with than she had been before.

"After all," thought the fisherman, "I am not sorry that the palace became a hut again."

He worked hard to make a living for himself and his wife, and somehow his hooks were never empty, so that the old couple always had food. Sometimes when he drew in a fish, the sun would gleam upon its scales. Then the old man would think of his little friend who had been so kind to him. But he never saw the golden fish again.

—*Russian*

# BROTHER FOX'S TAR BABY

## ACT I

*Time*—A HOT SUMMER DAY
*Place*—THE WOODS

*Persons:*

BROTHER FOX BROTHER RABBIT

*Brother Fox is trotting along a path in the woods, and suddenly meets Brother Rabbit.*

BROTHER RABBIT. It's a hot day, Brother Fox. Where are you going?

BROTHER FOX. I'm going fishing. Come along with me.

BROTHER RABBIT. On a hot day like this? Sit in the sun and fish? No indeed!

BROTHER FOX. Well, let's get some boughs and build a little house on the edge of the river. Then we can sit in it and be cool while we fish.

BROTHER RABBIT. Build a house this hot day? No, thank you! I don't care for fish, anyway. A few green leaves are all I need.

BROTHER FOX. [*Angrily.*] Very well, then! But I'm going to build a cool little house. It will be my own house, and I shall fish there alone!

BROTHER RABBIT. All right, Brother Fox. Good-bye!

*Brother Rabbit runs off down the path.*

BROTHER FOX. Now I'll build my house; and I'd like to see Brother Rabbit set his foot in it.

*Brother Fox goes to the river bank and builds a house of boughs.*

## ACT II

*Time*—THE NEXT AFTERNOON

*Place*—BROTHER FOX'S LITTLE HOUSE

*Persons:*

BROTHER FOX BROTHER RABBIT

*Brother Rabbit is sitting in Brother Fox's house, fishing. He hears a sound.*

BROTHER RABBIT. That must be Brother Fox! I'll run up the bank and hide in the bushes.

*He hides, and a moment later Brother Fox comes along with a basket and a fish-pole.*

BROTHER FOX. Now for a fine basket of fish! No more sitting in the hot sun for me! [*Suddenly he sees tracks near the door.*] What are these? Rabbit-tracks? So Brother Rabbit has been in my house! Oh, I wish I could catch him fishing here! But how can I do it? [*After a moment's thought.*] I have it! I have it! Look out, Brother Rabbit! I'll catch you yet!

*Brother Fox runs off down the path and Brother Rabbit runs home, laughing*

## ACT III

*Time*—THE AFTERNOON OF THE THIRD DAY
*Place*—THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE RIVER

*Persons:*

BROTHER FOX BROTHER RABBIT
THE TAR BABY

*Brother Fox steals through the bushes, carrying a wooden doll covered with tar.*

BROTHER FOX. I'll catch Brother Rabbit this time. How soft and sticky this tar is!

*Brother Fox puts the Tar Baby on the path near the little house. Then he hides in the bushes. By and by Brother Rabbit comes down the path, with his rod and line.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Looking around.*] No one here! Now for a cool fish! [*Suddenly he sees the Tar Baby.*] Hello, there! Who are you?

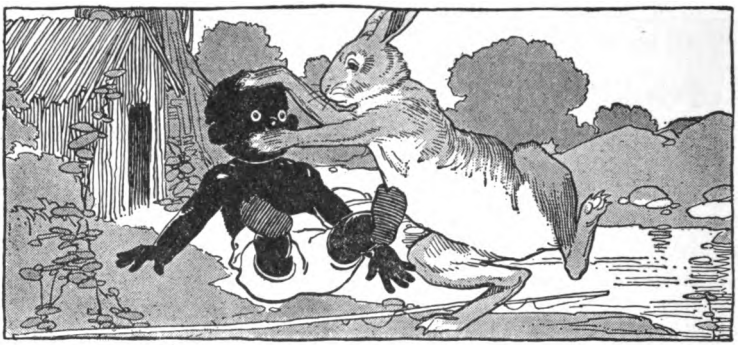
*The Tar Baby says nothing.*

BROTHER RABBIT. Why don't you answer me?

*The Tar Baby says nothing.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Going up closer.*] See here! Have you no tongue in your black head? Answer me! Speak up in a hurry, or I'll hit you.

*The Tar Baby says nothing: Brother Rabbit hits him with his right hand. It sticks fast.*



BROTHER RABBIT. [*Very angry.*] Here. What's this! Let go my hand. Let go, I tell you! Will you let go? [*He raises his left hand.*]

*The Tar Baby says nothing. Brother Rabbit strikes—Bam! His left hand sticks fast.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*In a rage.*] Turn me loose! [*He raises his right foot.*] Do you see this foot? Do you want me to kick you with it?

*The Tar Baby says nothing. Brother Rabbit kicks him—Bom! His foot sticks fast. He quickly raises the other.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Shouting.*] Do you think I have only one foot? See this one! If I kick you with it, you'll think it is Brother Bear knocking your teeth out!

*The Tar Baby says nothing. Brother Rabbit kicks him—Boom! His left foot sticks fast, too. He wags his head back and forth.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Screaming.*] Look out now! Turn me loose! If I butt your woolly head, it will be the last of you. You'll never stop till you strike the bottom of the river. Answer me! Will you turn me loose?

*The Tar Baby says nothing. Brother Rabbit butts him—Biff! His head sticks fast.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Whining.*] Black boy, let me go! Turn me loose! Oh, turn me loose! I was just playing!

BROTHER FOX. [*Running from the bushes and dancing up and down with joy.*] How do you like my Tar Baby, Brother Rabbit? I have you now! We'll see what happens to people who steal into my little house.

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Whining.*] Let me go, Brother Fox! Let me go. I am your friend.

BROTHER FOX. I don't want a thief for a friend. I think I'll just build a big fire.

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Frightened.*] What for, Brother Fox? What for?

BROTHER FOX. I think I'll have a roast for dinner. Roast rabbit is good.

*Brother Fox gathers branches and puts them down beside Brother Rabbit and the Tar Baby. Then he sets the branches on fire, and goes off for more fire-wood.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Squirming.*] Oh, oh, my hair and whiskers! I'm scorching! Turn me loose! [*As the fire grows hotter it melts the tar, and one of Brother Rabbit's hands is loosened.*] My hand is loose! Hurrah! This Tar Baby is melting! Hurrah, hurrah! [*He squirms again.*]

BROTHER FOX. [*Returning and throwing on more branches.*] How is that Brother Rabbit? Is that fire big enough to roast a rabbit?

*Brother Rabbit stops squirming. He sits very still and does not let Brother Fox see that one of his hands is loose.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Scornfully.*] Do you call this a fire? You'll have to build a bigger one than this to scare me!

BROTHER FOX. [*Very angry.*] You shall have fire enough to do more than scare you. I'll bring an armful that will finish you.

*Brother Fox goes off for more boughs. While he is away, the fire melts the tar so that Brother Rabbit shakes himself free.*

BROTHER RABBIT. [*Calling back as he runs away.*] Build your fire all you want to, Brother Fox! But you can't have roast rabbit this time! How would you like some melted tar? [*He goes off in the bushes, laughing.*]

*—Frédérick Ortoli—Adapted.*

## THE GOLDEN GOOSE

### THE LITTLE OLD MAN

There was once a man who had three sons. He was very proud of the two elder boys, but he thought that the youngest son was a simpleton.

One day the eldest son started out to cut wood in the forest. His mother gave him some fine, brown pancakes to take with him for his lunch.

He had not gone very far before he met a little old man who said, "Good morning, friend! I see you have plenty of food there. I am hungry; will you not spare me a little?"

"Not I," replied the eldest son. "I might not have enough for myself." So he went on, leaving the little man by the roadside. Soon he began his work, but at the very first stroke his ax turned and cut his arm.

The next day the second son set out, and his mother gave him a nice cake to take with him. In the forest he met the same little old man, who begged for a piece of cake.

"Not I," cried the second son. "I might not have enough for myself." So he turned away and began to chop at a tree. The very next moment he hit his leg such a blow that he shouted with pain.

In the morning the youngest son went to his father and said, "There is no wood for our fire, and my brothers have cut themselves. Let me take an ax and see what I can do."

"You!" said his father. "You do not understand wood-cutting."

"Let me try," said the boy so eagerly that at last his father told him that he might go. His mother made him a little, plain cake and filled a bottle with water, and off he started.

After he had walked for three days, he met the same little man, who said, "I am very hungry. Please give me some cake."

"Gladly," replied the boy. "The cake is very plain, but you are welcome to a share of it." Then they sat down together, and what was the boy's surprise to find that the cake in his basket was a rich one!

When they had eaten it, the little man said, "You are kind-hearted and shall have your reward. Cut down that tree, and you will find something worth having at the roots."

Then the little man suddenly disappeared. At once the boy took his ax and cut down the tree. At the roots he found a goose with feathers of pure gold! Taking it under his arm, he went to an inn for the night.

WHY THE PRINCESS LAUGHED

Now the inn-keeper had three daughters, and when they saw the golden goose, they wanted it.

In the middle of the night, the eldest daughter got out of bed and crept to the room where the boy had left the goose. She said to herself, "At least I will have one golden feather." But no sooner had she touched the goose than her finger and thumb stuck fast, and she could not get them away.

Soon the second daughter came to the room, and, seeing her sister, cried out, "You greedy girl! You want all the feathers for yourself!" So she took her by the arm and tried to pull her away. But her fingers stuck fast, too, and she could not get them away.

Then the third sister came in, and saw the other two, as she thought, clinging to the golden goose. This made her very angry, for she had intended to take some of the golden feathers, too. So she took hold of her second sister, and at once found herself a prisoner. In this position the three sisters were obliged to stay for the rest of the night.

In the morning the boy put the goose under his arm and set out for home. The three daugh-

ters of the inn-keeper were obliged to follow, because their hands were stuck fast.

They had not gone far when they met two peasants, who called to the boy, "Stop! Set those girls free!" As he made no answer, they ran after him and took hold of the sisters to pull them away. But their hands stuck fast, too, and they were obliged to follow.

Many others whom they met tried to help them. But all found themselves stuck fast, too. At last there was a long line of men and women following the golden goose,—all stuck together as if they had been glued. It was the most amusing sight that anyone had ever seen.

In this way they came to a large town, where there lived the richest king in the world. Now this king had a daughter who was so sad that no one had ever been able to make her laugh. All day long she sat at her window, looking out mournfully.

At last her father became so troubled about her that he cried out, "Whoever is able to make the princess laugh, shall have her for his wife!"

It so happened that the princess was at her window, when the boy came down the street with the golden goose. When she saw the long line of people trotting after him and trying to break loose, the amusing sight made her laugh until the tears ran down her cheeks.

At once her maid rushed to the king to tell him the news. The king was so pleased that he sent out his servants to bring the boy before him. In he came, with his precious goose under his arm, and the wedding was held soon afterwards.

In this strange way the wood-cutter's youngest son became a great prince, and lived in wealth and happiness for the rest of his life.

—*Peter Christen Asbjörnsen.*

## THE GOLDEN PEARS

### THE FIRST BASKET

There was once a poor peasant who had nothing in the world but three sons, and a fine pear-tree which grew in front of his cottage.

Now the king of that country was very fond of pears. So one day the peasant said to his sons, "I shall send the king a basketful of our golden pears, as a present. If the fruit pleases him, perhaps he will help me."

Then he gathered the finest pears from the tree, large ones as yellow as gold, and laid them in a basket. "Take these to the king," he said to his eldest son. "Be sure that you do not let anyone rob you of them on the way."

"I know how to take care of my own, father," said the boy. Then he covered the pears with fresh leaves and set out for the king's palace.

After a time, the boy came to a fountain, where he stopped to drink. A little old woman

was washing some rags at the fountain and singing a ditty all out of tune.

"A witch, I'll be bound!" said the boy to himself. "She'll be trying to get my pears, by hook or by crook, but I'll be a match for her."

"A fair day, my lad," said the little old woman; "that's a heavy burden you have to carry. What may it be?"

"A load of sweepings from the road, to see whether I may turn a penny by it," he answered.

"Road-sweepings!" repeated the old woman. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do mean it," answered the boy.

"Oh, very well. You will find out when you get to your journey's end," said the old woman. And she went on washing and singing her ditty all out of tune.

"She means something by those words," thought the boy; "that's clear. But there's no harm done. I haven't let her even look at the pears." So on he went until he came to the palace. When he had told his errand he was admitted.

"You have brought me some pears, have you, my boy?" said the king, smiling.

"Yes, Your Majesty, some of the finest golden pears in the world," said the boy.

The king was so pleased to hear this, that he began to remove the covering of leaves. But what was his anger to find under it nothing but sweepings from the road! The servants who stood by, at once took the boy off to prison.

"It is all due to that old woman by the fountain," he said to himself; "I thought she meant mischief to me."

### THE SECOND BASKET

After a time, the father said to his other sons, "You see how well your elder brother has fared. He kept his eyes wide open and carried the golden fruit in safety to the king. No doubt the king was so well pleased with it that he has kept your brother near him, and has made him a rich man."

"I am as wise as he," said the second brother; "give me a basket of the pears, father, and let me take it to the king. Then I shall become a rich man, too, but I won't keep my riches all to myself. I will send for you to share them with me."

"Well said, my son," answered the father. And as the season for pears had just come round again, he made another basket and filled it with the golden fruit.

The second son took the basket and went on his way until he came to the same fountain that his brother had seen. Here he, too, stopped to drink and to rest.

The same old woman was washing her rags at the fountain and singing her ditty all out of tune. "A fair day, my lad," she said. "That's a heavy burden you have to carry. What may it be?"

"It's pigs' food," answered the boy. "I am taking it to market to see whether I may turn a penny by it."

"Pigs' food!" repeated the little old woman. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do mean it," he answered, rudely.

"Oh, very well; you will find out when you get to your journey's end," she said to him, just as she had said to his brother.

Sure enough, when the king removed the leaves, instead of golden pears, there was a basket of pigs' food! The servants took the second boy off to prison, where his brother had been kept so long.

### THE THIRD BASKET

As the days went by, and no tidings of his two sons reached him, the poor peasant grew very sad. When the youngest boy saw his father's sorrow, his loving heart was greatly troubled. So one day he asked whether he might not go in search of his brothers.

"Do you really think you can keep yourself out of harm's way?" asked the peasant, who had always thought that his youngest son was a simpleton.

"I do not know, father, but I will do whatever you tell me," replied the boy.

"Well, you shall not go empty-handed," said the father. And as the pears were just ripe again, he laid the finest of the golden fruit in a basket, and sent him on his way.

As the boy walked along, the sun beat down upon him fiercely. After a time he reached the same fountain that his two brothers had seen. There he stopped to drink and to rest.

The same old woman was washing her rags, and singing a ditty all out of tune. "Here comes another of those rude boys!" she thought, when she saw the youngest son. "I suppose he, too, will try to fool me. As if I didn't know the sweet smell of ripe golden pears from road-sweepings or pigs' food!"

"Good morning!" said the boy, taking off his cap, as he had been taught to do.

"He's better behaved than the other two," thought the old woman as she returned his greeting.

"May I sit down here, please?" asked the boy.

"Yes," she answered, greatly surprised by his politeness. "And what have you in your basket, my boy? It must be a very precious burden to be worth carrying as far as you seem to have come with it."

"Precious indeed they are," said the boy. "They are golden pears, and my father says there are no finer in the whole kingdom. I am taking them to the king, who is very fond of the fruit."

"Only ripe pears and yet so heavy!" said the old woman. "Your burden seems too heavy to be pears. But you will see when you come to your journey's end."

"They are nothing but pears," said the boy, as he bade her a polite farewell and started on his way again.

How the servants at the palace laughed when another boy came to them with the story that he had pears for the king! "No, no!" they said. "We have had enough of that! You may turn around and go back home."

The poor boy was so broken-hearted that he began to sob bitterly. At that moment, the king and his little daughter came out of the palace. When the young girl saw the weeping boy, she asked what troubled him.

"It is another boy who has come to insult the king," answered the servants. "Your Majesty, shall we take him away to prison?"

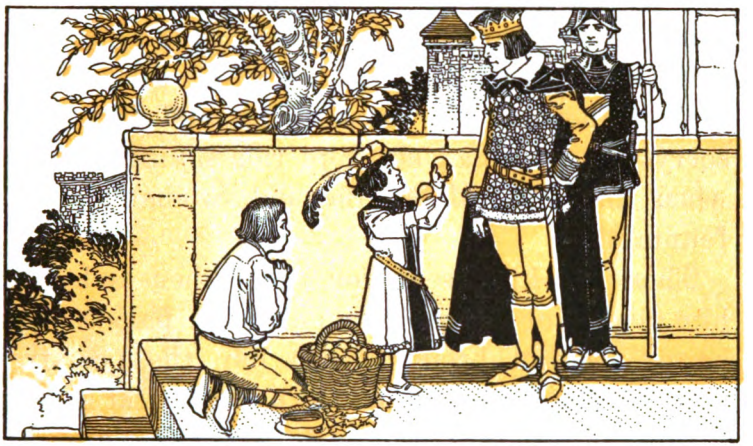
"You may decide, daughter," said the king.

"But I *have* pears," sobbed the boy; "and my father says there are no finer in the world."

"Yes, yes!" cried the servants, with a loud laugh. "We know that story by heart!"

"Please look at my pears, fair princess!" pleaded the boy. "I have brought them a long way for the king."

The princess decided to look into the basket, herself. So she removed the leaves,—and there were shining pears of solid gold!



"These *are* pears fit for a king!" she said, as she gave them to her father. The king was so pleased that he ordered the gold fruit to be placed among his treasures. And as a reward for the gift, he promised the boy whatever he might ask.

"All I wish is to find my two brothers, who hold some high office in Your Majesty's court," said the boy.

"If those other boys who said they brought pears, are your brothers, they hold office in prison," said the king. Then he commanded that they be brought before him. As soon as the two brothers were led in, the youngest boy ran to them and embraced them.

When the two older boys had told how they came to be thrown into prison, the king said, "Strong is truth!" The boys had often heard their father say the same thing, and they were sorry that they had not kept this saying in mind when they talked to the old woman at the fountain.

Then the king sent for the father and gave him charge of the gardens about the palace. The happy peasant brought with him the pear-tree that, by the power of truth, had brought golden fortune to them. And ever after, he and his sons lived in plenty.

—*Angela M. Keyes.*

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## ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over.

—*George Cooper.*

## WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John.
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

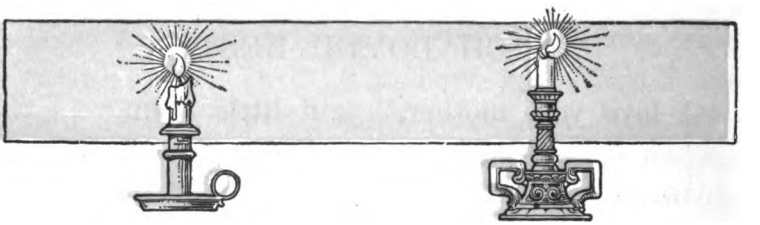
"I love you, mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan.
"Today I'll help you all I can."
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you mother," again they said—
Three little children, going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

—*Joy Allison.*



## THE CANDLES

There was once a great wax candle which was very proud. "I give more light and I burn longer than any other light," it said. "My place is in a gold candle-stick, and I live in the parlor of a rich house."

"That must be a charming life," said a little tallow candle that was standing near by. "I am only a tallow candle; but still I am satisfied. I live in the kitchen,—but that is a good place, too; for there all the fine dishes of the house are cooked."

"There are some things better than eating," said the wax candle. "I see all the company that comes to the house. There is to be a party this evening, and I shall soon be sent for."

Just then the wax candle was sent for. But the tallow candle was sent for, too; the mistress of the house took it in her hand and carried it to the kitchen.

There stood a little boy with a basket of potatoes which the kind lady had given him. There were a few apples in the basket, too.

"Here is a tallow candle for you, my child," she said. "Give it to your mother; for she sits up and works far into the night."

"I am going to sit up far into the night, too!" said the lady's little daughter, who had heard these words. "We are going to have a party at our house, and I am to wear big red bows!" How her eyes shone! Yes, here was happiness. No wax candle could shine like this child's eyes.

"That is a blessed thing to see," thought the tallow candle. "I may never again see anyone so happy as that little girl. I shall never forget it."

Then the tallow candle was laid in the basket and the boy took it home with him.

"Where am I going now?" it thought. "The wax candle will be in a gold candle-stick, and will see the finest company, while I may not have any candle-stick at all. But this is what happens when one is tallow, and not wax."

And so the tallow candle came to the poor mother who lived with her three children in a little house just opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for this candle," said the mother, as she lighted it. "It will burn far into the night."

Across the street the wax candles were lighted, too. Up to the house came the carriages, full of guests for the party. Then beautiful music was heard.

"Now they are beginning over there," thought the tallow candle. "But the eyes of that little girl were brighter than all those wax candles," it thought. "I shall never see such a sight again."

Then the smallest of the children in this poor house—she was a very little girl—came and put her arms around her sister's neck. She had a secret to tell—it was a great secret; she must whisper it!

"We are going to have warm potatoes for supper—just think of it!" And her face shone with happiness. The tallow candle could see right into her eyes. It saw that she was just as happy as the little girl across the street who had said, "We are going to have a party, and I am to wear big red bows for it!"

"Is it such a great thing to have warm potatoes?" thought the tallow candle. "Here is just the same joy as there is in the rich house across

the way." And it sneezed to think of it—that is, it sputtered—and no tallow candle can do more than that.

The table was spread; the potatoes were eaten; and each child had an apple, too. What a good feast it was! Then the smallest child sang a little song:

"Now thanks, dear Lord, I give to Thee,
That Thou again hast filled me."

After that the little children gave a good-night kiss, and went to bed, while the mother sat and sewed till far into the night, to earn a living for them.

From the great house across the street the lights shone and the music sounded. But the stars twinkled just as clearly and just as kindly over the poor house as over the rich house.

"It has been a happy evening," thought the tallow candle. "I wonder if the wax candle in its gold candle-stick had any better time. I should like to know that, before I am burned out!"

And it thought of the two happy faces—one just as happy as the other—the one lighted by a wax candle, and the other by a tallow candle

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

## IRENE, THE IDLE

### THE FAIRY HOUSE

"Oh, what a pretty little house!" So said Irene, as she stood with her fairy godmother outside the fairy cottage.

'Do you think it pretty, Irene? I am glad of that, for it is here you are going to stay."

"That will be lovely! Am I to be all alone?"

"Yes," answered the fairy. "I am going to leave you here to take care of it. Everything is in order now, and you must keep things so.

Come inside the little house, and I will tell you what you must do each day."

Leading Irene into a dainty little bedroom, the fairy said to her, "Every morning you must make this bed. Open the windows wide to let in the air; then dust the room well.

"This is the parlor," said the fairy, opening a door. "Every day you must sweep the floor and polish the table and the chairs. And this is the kitchen," she said, as she led the way into another room. Then she gave her this advice:

"Be up with the sun, get your work done;
Keep the stove bright and fire alight.
Here are the brushes, here are the brooms;
Here are the dusters for dusting the rooms.

"Now I must leave you. Do your work well, and soon I shall come to see you again. Good-bye, Irene." Then the fairy walked away.

From parlor to bedroom, from bedroom to kitchen, and from kitchen to garden, Irene wandered. Every minute she grew more pleased. At last she sat down in the cool shady porch.

"It is perfectly lovely!" said the happy little girl, in great delight, as she looked about her.

"Now, then, little mistress, if you do not look after me at once, I shall go out."

Irene nearly jumped out of her shoes. It was—but how could it be?—the fire talking! Speechless with wonder, she sat and stared.

"Very well, then; since you will not look after me, I shall go out." And, whiff! out went the fire.

In great haste, Irene went to the wood-box and opened it. Taking some kindling and a shovelful of coal, she hurried to the stove.

"Here, mistress, come back and put down my cover, please."

"Now the wood-box is talking," thought Irene. "What a wonderful place this is!"

Then a stick of wood said, "You let me fall, mistress; kindly pick me up."

And then even the floor spoke, "Please sweep up the coal that you dropped upon me, mistress."

Irene did as she was told. She closed the wood-box, picked up the wood, and swept up the coal. Then she laid the broom upon the table and started to build the fire, when—

"Hang me up, mistress; hang me up in my place," called out the broom.

"I can't do everything at once," said Irene, crossly, as she hung up the broom on its hook.

"One thing at a time, mistress, and each in its proper order," answered the broom.

Soon the fire was burning brightly again. After Irene had washed her hands, she went to a drawer and got a table-cloth. Then she set the table for dinner.

"Mistress, you have not shut me," called out the drawer, in a loud voice.

"Oh, bother!" cried Irene, as she slammed the drawer in so hard that she knocked down a cup.

"Mistress, hang me up, hang me up!" cried the cup in a shrill voice.

"Oh, stay there and be quiet," she replied, angrily; and the cup said, "Very well, mistress." Not another word did it say.

"That's better," thought Irene. "If they will only be quiet, I can do things when I have time."

In the pantry she found a little pie, white bread and butter, ripe strawberries, and sweet cream. You may be sure she enjoyed her dinner.

Whenever anything called to her, she answered, "Be quiet; I will attend to you presently," and she was obeyed. When she had finished eating, she piled up the dishes.

"I can wash them by and by," she thought. But as she turned away, the dishes cried, "Mistress, mistress, wash us, wash us, please!"

"Presently," said Irene. "Presently I will."

"Very well, mistress," answered the dishes, just as the cup had done. Then they were silent, too.

Irene sat down to rest. How delightful it was, sitting there. Not a sound was to be heard except the tick of the clock, as it said:

"The moments fly one by one,
Tick, tick!
Lazy, lazy, nothing done,
Tick, tick!
Little moments make the day,
Swift they come, swift pass away;
Take them, use them, don't delay,
Tick, tick, tick, tick!"

### THE FAIRY'S WARNING

Irene sat at tea. Everything seemed to be out of place,—the hearth untidy, the floor unswept, and the chairs all in wrong places. The whole house looked very different from the way it had looked when she first came there.

Suddenly Irene glanced up and saw her fairy godmother standing before her.

"How is this?" demanded the fairy, sternly.

"I left things so that I could do them all at once," stammered Irene, very much ashamed.

"Left them to do all at once! You can do only one thing at a time, whenever you begin. Did they not ask to be done?"

"We did, we did!" all the things shouted together, "but she told us to remain silent."

"So you want to do them all at once, idle girl? Have your wish. You shall struggle with all these undone tasks, until all have been finished." So saying, the fairy disappeared.

Suddenly shouts arose on all sides, "Hang me up!" "Put me away!" "Wash me!" "Sweep me!" One and all, her tasks came crowding about her.

Poor Irene did not know which way to turn. The broom beat her, the cups flew at her head, the table and chairs pushed against her.

At last when the broom gave her a harder blow than before, she seized it and threw it against the wall. There it happened to strike against the very nail it always hung upon. The broom clung fast to the nail and called out, in a contented voice, "Thank you, mistress."

Irene saw that she must put each thing where it belonged. A dust cloth was striking her in the face. Snatching it, she dusted the table. Then she folded it and laid it in its place.

"Thank you, mistress," said the duster and the table. So two more things were put in order. Now Irene set to work in earnest. As each task was completed, she heard the "Thank you, mistress."

Never before had she worked so hard. She kept on until the little home looked as dainty and clean as it had looked when she came into it.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Irene, "I don't want another evening like this as long as I live."

"Then don't have one, Irene!" ticked the clock. "Don't have one! Do each task as it comes, and then you will find that things go more pleasantly, and you will have less trouble."

"Thank you very much for your advice, clock," answered Irene. "It sounds strange to hear you and the table and the chairs talk, as you have been doing. I suppose it is because you are all fairy furniture, in a fairy house."

"I suppose so," ticked the clock.

"Well, I am tired and I think I will go to bed now," said Irene.

"Wind me up first, mistress," cried the clock.

"Oh, yes, I forgot;" said Irene and she wound the clock.

"Mistress," called a voice from the door, "please lock and bolt me."

"And lock me, too," cried the window.

Irene obeyed. Then she took a candle and started to go upstairs. As she did so, she heard the pattering of many little feet.

When she turned around, Irene saw some of the strangest little people in the world. They came jumping out of the clock! Such tiny men they were, each with a long white beard. Each had a tiny, pointed hood on his head, and tiny, pointed shoes on his feet.

Down they scrambled, and stood in a long row around the room. Then one of them said, in a shrill voice, "Well, brothers, what do you think of our new mistress?"

"Not very much," answered his companions.

"And why not?" asked the first little man.

"She does not know how to make use of us," answered all the other little men, together.

"Then let us teach her how she ought to use us," said the little man. Then they all began to sing:

"Irene peeping on the stair,
Irene with the golden hair,
Wondering who we may be,—
Fairies of this house, you see.

"We are minutes of the day,
That so swiftly fly away;
One by one we come to you
With some little task to do.

"You must catch us ere we fly,—
You can do it if you try;
Happy, then, the day will be,
And no trouble you shall see.

"Now to bed, and go to sleep;
We a faithful watch will keep,—
Waken you when shines the sun,
And the cock crows, 'Night is done.'"

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY

The next morning the warm sunlight streamed in through the window and awoke Irene.

"Ah!" she said to herself, lazily, "I think I will sleep just another half-hour."

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, mistress, get up!" sang the clock from downstairs.

Then Irene remembered all that had happened the day before. "I don't want another day like that," she said, with a shudder.

So she sprang out of bed and dressed herself. After that she shook the bed, and opened the windows wide. Then downstairs she went and set to work. When the fairy godmother returned, the cottage was as neat as could be.

"Ah!" cried the fairy, as she entered the house, "this is as it should be. How have you managed it, Irene?"

"Sit down, godmother, and I will tell you. I have done just one thing at a time."

"And so you have found time to do them all. You have learned one lesson, Irene. When you have learned a few more lessons, I shall send you home. For I need my cottage so that I may teach other little girls how to overcome idleness. Now hold up your hand."

Irene obeyed, and her godmother placed a strange-looking ring upon her finger. "Every time you are idle, this ring will prick you," said the fairy. "Do your best and you will conquer. When you have not been pricked once for a whole week, I shall know that you are cured of your idleness."

You must not suppose that Irene found it easy work. Many times she felt tempted to be idle, and many times the wonderful ring pricked her finger and reminded her of the things to be done. But she had made up her mind to try, and it was surprising how quickly she overcame her idleness.

One day Irene sat at her window, thinking. It was her birthday, and for the first time a week had gone by in which the ring had not pricked her once. Suddenly she saw her fairy godmother standing before her.

"Oh, Godmother," cried the happy little girl. "I am so glad to see you! Have you come to my birthday party?"

"Yes. That is the very reason I have come, Irene," replied the fairy. "You have learned your lesson well, and I am greatly pleased. Now tell me, are you not much happier than you used to be when you were so idle?"

"Oh, yes, dear Godmother!" answered Irene. "And I have you to thank for it. Now take back your ring, and with it teach some other little girl the lesson I have learned."

—*H. Escott-Inman.*

## SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
  Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
  For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
  Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
  And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
  And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less, while walking,
  To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
  To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
  You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world can't please you,
  Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
  Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
  The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
  To do the best you can?

—*Phœbe Cary.*

## ULYSSES AND THE BAG OF WINDS

Long, long ago, there lived upon a little island a Greek king named Ulysses. One time Ulysses sailed far away across the sea to fight for his country. Ten long years he was away from his beautiful wife and his little son.

At last the Greeks captured the city they were fighting against, and the war ended. "Now I can go back to my island home," said Ulysses, joyfully, as he and his men set sail for home. "Once more I can see my wife and son!"

On the way, they stopped to rest at the home of a king named Æolus, who lived on an island in the sea. It was a wonderful island; all around it was a high wall of bronze.

Now Æolus was king of the winds. He could make the winds blow so gently that the sea would be as smooth as glass. Or he could make them blow so hard that the waves would be as high as mountains.

When Ulysses was ready to start on his way again, Æolus said, "I will help you to reach your home, Ulysses. I will put all the stormy winds in this great bag of ox-hide. Then they cannot harm you.

"I will tie the bag with this golden chain; but I will leave out the gentle west wind, to bear you safely home. Watch the bag of winds and do not let anyone untie the chain."

Then the west wind blew softly and sent them in safety on their way. For nine days and nights Ulysses watched the bag of winds; so he became very tired and sleepy.

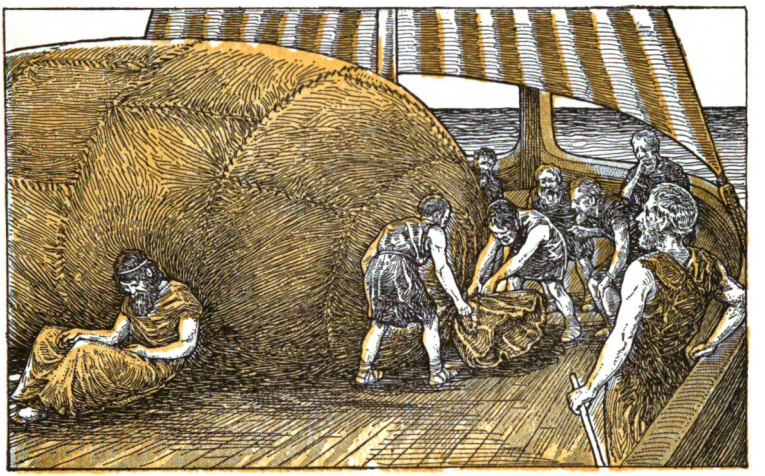
Now Ulysses' men did not know what was in the great bag of ox-hide. "See how he watches it!" they said. "Surely it has gold and silver in it, for it is tied with a golden chain. We helped Ulysses in the war; why should he have all the gold and silver?"

At last, on the tenth day, they came in sight of their dear island. "Look, look!" cried the men, joyfully. "There are our green fields! Soon we shall see our homes."

Then the weary Ulysses, thinking that they were safe, fell fast asleep.

"Now we can see what is in the bag!" said his men. "We can get some of the gold and the silver for ourselves."

So they crept up to the bag and untied the golden chain. Out flew all the stormy winds, roaring and howling! In a moment, great waves arose and drove the ship far from land.



The noise of the wind and the waves waked Ulysses. Where was his little island home? Where were the green fields he loved so well? They were far, far away, for the ship was out on the stormy sea.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Ulysses. "I fear that I shall never see my home again. But I must not give up; I will try again and again. Some day I may reach my home, and see my wife and son once more."

After a long time, the stormy winds drove the ship back to the island where Æolus lived. How glad Ulysses was when he saw the high wall of bronze! "Æolus can help us," he said. "He will tie the winds again."

But Æolus was angry with Ulysses and his men. "Go away!" he said. "I will not help you a second time. It is your own fault that the stormy winds are out of the bag."

So once more Ulysses set out upon the sea, and it was many long years before he saw his island home again.

—*Greek.*

## WHICH WIND IS BEST?

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little bark sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what to me were favoring breeze
Might dash some other with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.

So whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—*Caroline A. Mason.*

## THE STAR AND THE LILY

Once upon a time all the people in the world were happy. No one was ever hungry; no one was ever sick.

The beasts all lived together in peace; the birds all sang joyfully; the air was full of the sweetness of flowers, and every tree and bush gave fruit.

In this happy time, the Indians lived a free life in the open air. At night they used to meet in the wide green fields and watch the stars. "They are the homes of those who have left us and gone to live with the Great Spirit," said the wise old men.

One night the Indians saw a star that shone more brightly than all the others. It seemed very near to them, as it hung in the southern sky, close to the mountain-side.

"It looks like a ball of fire," said the children. "See! it moves! It is a ball! Or is it

a bird flying nearer to the mountain? Is it the thunder-bird; oh, is it the thunder-bird?"

For the Indian children had heard of the great bird of the mountains. Its eyes flashed like lightning and its wings made a noise like the roar of thunder.

"My father once told me of a moving star," said a wise old man. "It left its home in the sky to tell of war, but it always moved right across the heavens. A fiery cloud of arrows streamed far behind it. But no arrows follow this star. It cannot be the star of war."

That night a young warrior had a dream. He dreamed that he climbed the mountain-side to find the strange star. And when he found it, the star changed to a beautiful maiden who came and stood at his side.

"I love this beautiful land," said the maiden. "I love its rivers and lakes and mountains. I love its birds and flowers. But more than all, I love its children. Young warrior, ask your wise old men where I may live so that I shall see the children always."

That night as the Indians watched the star, the young warrior told of his dream.

"Tell the star," said the wise old men, "that it will be welcome to live wherever it wishes."

So the star came to live upon the earth. At first it made its home in the white rose on the mountain-side. But it was lonely there, for no child came near it.

"The children play in the wide green fields," said the star. "I must find a home where I shall be close to them."

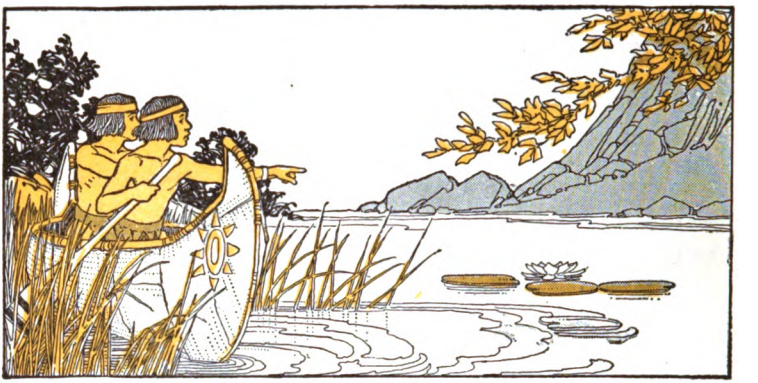
Then it went down into the prairie and lived with one of the creatures of the air. "I will live in the air and yet upon earth," it said. "I will fly about with this happy little air-creature. Then I can see my sister-stars in the sky, and at the same time I can see the children at their play upon the earth."

But the little air-creature flew about only at dusk, so the star never saw the children.

"I am not happy," said the star. "I must find a home where the stars in the sky and the children upon the earth, all can be my playmates. But men shall know that the little air-creature once had a star for its friend."

And since that time, the firefly always carries a little star of fire.

Then the star floated away until at last it reached a beautiful lake. It looked down into the quiet water, and there it saw thousands of the stars of the sky.



"At last I know where to make my home," said the star. "I will live upon this lake. By day, I can see the children paddling in their canoes, or playing on the banks. By night, my sister-stars of the sky will come to stay beside me on the quiet water."

The next morning, two Indian children came paddling out in their canoe. Suddenly they saw a beautiful water lily, blooming upon the lake.

"A star! a star!" cried the children. "A star has come to live upon the water!"

"The star has found a home," said the wise old men. "We will call it the Star-Flower."

And every day the happy star-flower watched the children at their play. And at night, all around it in the still waters, were its sister-stars of the sky.

—*Indian.*

## LITTLE PAPOOSE

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,
The stars come into the sky,
The whip-poor-will's crying, the daylight is dying,
The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
The squirrel has gone to his nest,
The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
The little ones warm with her breast.

Then hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
You sail on the river of dreams;
Dear Manitou loves you and watches above you
Till time when the morning light gleams.

—*Charles Myall.*

## PEBOAN AND SEEGWUN

It was very cold and a strong wind was blowing the snow before it. The brooks and the lakes were covered with ice, and all the trees were bare. Not a sound was to be heard except the crying of the wind.

All alone in a wigwam sat an old Indian. He was so old that his hair was as white as the snow outside. The fire in the wigwam was very low, and the old man crouched near it, holding his hands out to the tiny blaze.

He was so weak that he could no longer leave the wigwam. He could only sit by the fire, listening to the wind, and thinking of the great deeds he had done when he was young.

Suddenly an Indian youth stood before him. He was tall and strong and his eyes were gleaming. There was a glow upon his cheeks, and his hair was like sunshine.

"Come in!" said the old man. "It is cold outside. Stay here tonight with me." So the young man came into the wigwam and sat down by the fire.

"Let us tell of the great deeds that we have done," said the old man. "When I blow my breath, the streams stand still and the water is turned to ice."

"When I blow my breath," said the young man, "the ice melts; the streams begin to flow."

"When I shake my white locks," said the old man, "snow fills the air and the birds fly far away."

"When I toss my hair," said the youth, "the air is full of sunshine; the birds come back, and the trees burst into leaf."

"When I walk upon the earth," said the old man, "the ground becomes as hard as stone, and the flowers die."

"Wherever my foot touches the ground," said the young man, "it grows soft and warm again. Flowers spring up, and the grass becomes fresh and green."

So they talked, all through the night. When morning came, the cold wind was no longer blowing. The sun was warm, and the bluebirds were singing joyfully. In the wigwam, the air grew warmer and warmer.

After a time, the young man arose. He looked taller and stronger and more beautiful than ever. But the old man lay by the fireside, sad and weak. The fire was almost out; only a faint gleam was left in its embers.

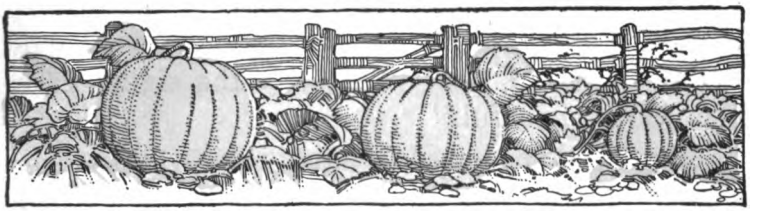
"Youth, I know you now," said the old man. "You are Seegwun, the Spring. I am Peboan, the Winter. Once I could do great deeds, but now I am old and weak. You are greater than I."

And all at once the old man was nowhere to be seen; he had gone. But where his fire had been, a beautiful flower was growing.

It was the arbutus,—the flower that seems to belong both to winter and to spring. For it loves the cold so much that it blooms while patches of snow are still upon the ground. Its petals are always rosy with the last gleams of Peboan's fire.

Yet it is always the first of the flowers to welcome Seegwun, the Spring.

—*Indian*



## LITTLE PUMPKIN'S THANKSGIVING

### LITTLE PUMPKIN'S WISH

It was the night before Thanksgiving. The Great Big Pumpkin, the Middle-Sized Pumpkin, and the Little Wee Pumpkin were talking together in Peter Pumpkineater's patch.

The Frost King had sent each of them, as a Thanksgiving gift, a pretty white coat which sparkled in the moonlight.

"Are all here?" asked the Great Big Pumpkin.

"All here," said the Middle-Sized Pumpkin, smiling.

"All here," said the Little Wee Pumpkin, sneezing, for the night air was chilly. "But I think it will be our last night together, for I heard Peter say today that tomorrow he would send us on our journeys. How delightful that will be!"

"To be sure," said the Great Big Pumpkin. "I hope we will make the best of pies for

somebody's Thanksgiving dinner. Speaking of journeys, though, I do hope Peter will send me to the great city. They say the sights there are very wonderful."

"So I have heard," said the Middle-Sized Pumpkin. "I should be glad to see the tall buildings there."

"And I, too," said the Little Wee Pumpkin. "I should like so much to see the Princess Cinderella, whom everyone loves. But I am not large or fine enough for her. Most of all, I should like to make somebody very happy on Thanksgiving Day. Then, too, I hope my seeds will be saved and planted next year. It is such a pleasant thing to grow!"

"Indeed it is!" said the Great Big Pumpkin.

"Indeed it is!" said the Middle-Sized Pumpkin. "I wish Peter could get all our seeds, for he takes such good care of us, and he likes so much to see us grow."

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams," said the Great Big Pumpkin. "If we pumpkins do not soon go to sleep, the sunbeams will catch us napping, a pretty sight for a Thanksgiving morning!"

So the three pumpkins snuggled beneath their frosty coats and went to sleep.

THE WISH COMES TRUE

The next morning was Thanksgiving, and the Little Wee Pumpkin was the first to awake. She almost lost her breath with surprise when Peter opened the garden gate, and the Princess Cinderella, herself, tripped in behind him.

She was very beautiful. She had the same sunny hair and dainty feet and smiling face that you have read about. She was as good and as kind as ever.

In her hand she held a bunch of violets, almost the color of her pretty eyes. As she held them up to Peter, she smiled and said, "See! Peter, I have brought you these flowers from my beautiful gardens. They are my Thanksgiving gift to you.

"Now, Peter, you must help me to find the best pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern, in all your patch. I know a little girl whom I can make very happy with a jack-o'-lantern. She has been sick a long, long time in the hospital, and I have promised her one for Thanksgiving Day."

"Yes, my lady," said Peter, bowing. And they went from vine to vine, hunting the best pumpkin. First the princess stopped at the Great Big Pumpkin; but she would not take

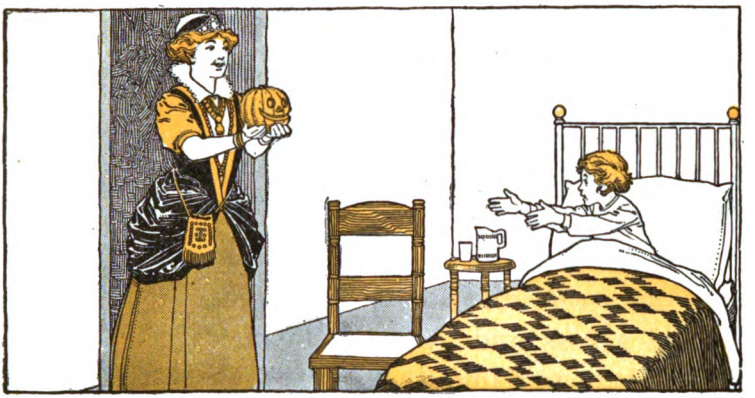
that,—it was too large. Then she stopped at the Middle-Sized Pumpkin, but that was too fat. And then she stopped at the Little Wee Pumpkin, and that,—that was just right!

Now the Little Wee Pumpkin was very much surprised when Cinderella stooped down and said gayly, "You dear Little Wee Pumpkin! You will make a most beautiful jack-o'-lantern! You are the very one to make the little girl happy this Thanksgiving Day. Come, Peter, I have chosen this one," she said, gently patting the Little Wee Pumpkin.

"Yes, my lady," said Peter. So he carefully tucked the Little Wee Pumpkin in Cinderella's coach. Then away they whirled, off to the little sick girl.

While they were on their way to the hospital, the princess made a wonderful jack-o'-lantern out of the Little Wee Pumpkin. It had great round eyes as big as saucers. As for its mouth, you could never guess how it looked.

The Little Wee Pumpkin that Cinderella had made into a jack-o'-lantern, happened to think of the joy it would bring to the little sick girl. Then the corners of its mouth turned up in the most beautiful smile you ever saw! It was as happy as it could be.



All this time the little sick girl lay in her bed, longing for the Thanksgiving jack-o'-lantern that the princess had promised her.

Suddenly the door opened, and in came Cinderella with the Little Wee Pumpkin. "O, my jack-o'-lantern!" cried the sick girl joyfully. "My beautiful jack-o'-lantern! Oh, look, Cinderella, see how it smiles at me!"

And the smile on the face of the Little Wee Pumpkin grew brighter and brighter. For it had wished to make somebody very happy on Thanksgiving Day, and its wish had come true.

*Madge A. Bingham—Adapted.*

## A CHRISTMAS WISH

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For the poor little girls and boys;
Up the street and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one,
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
With beasts of every kind.

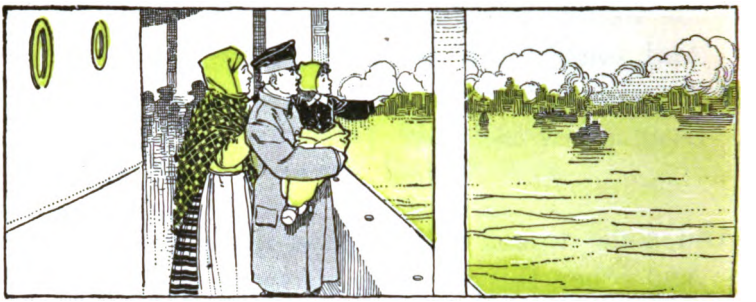
Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash tub;
Some would prefer a little drum,
For a noisy rub-a-dub;

Some would wish for a story book,
  And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
  Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes,
  And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor
  And the winter is hard to bear;
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
  And a thousand stockings or so,
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
  To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels
  And candy of every kind,
And buy all the almond and pecan nuts
  And taffy that I could find;
And barrels and barrels of oranges
  I'd scatter right in the way,
So the children would find them the very first thing
  When they wake on Christmas day.

—*Eugene Field.*



## GRETCHEN'S CHRISTMAS

### THE EMPTY SHOES

It was almost Christmas time, when one of the white ships that sail across the sea, came into an American harbor. It brought a little German girl named Gretchen, who had come with her father and mother to find a new home in our land.

Gretchen knew all about the story of Christmas. She had heard it over and over in her home in Germany. Ever since she could remember, she had kept the day and enjoyed it.

Every year, a little before Christmas, she had placed her shoes in the garden so that Rupert could fill them. For in Germany, children believe that Santa Claus has a helper named Rupert. Every year, too, Gretchen had found a Christmas tree lighted for her on Christmas Day.

As she came across the ocean, she wondered what Christmas in the new country would be like. She wondered still more, when they reached a great city, and their boxes were carried up to a little room in a boarding-house.

Gretchen did not like the boarding-house; she could not feel at home there. But worst of all, her father became ill the day after they reached the big city.

Up so high in a boarding-house is not pleasant (even if you do seem nearer the stars) when someone you love is sick. Then, too, Gretchen began to think that Santa Claus and Rupert had forgotten her. For when she set her little wooden shoes outside the door, they were never filled with goodies. People only stumbled over them and scolded her.

The tears would roll down Gretchen's fat, rosy cheeks, and fall into the empty shoes. She began to think that the people in America did not keep Christmas. How she wished she was in her own Germany again!

A kind woman in the boarding-house felt sorry for the lonely little German girl, who could speak no English. So one day she asked Gretchen's mother if Gretchen might go with her to see the beautiful stores. She was a

poor woman, who had no presents to give away; but she knew how to be kind. So she took the little girl by the hand, and smiled at her very often as they hurried along the crowded street.

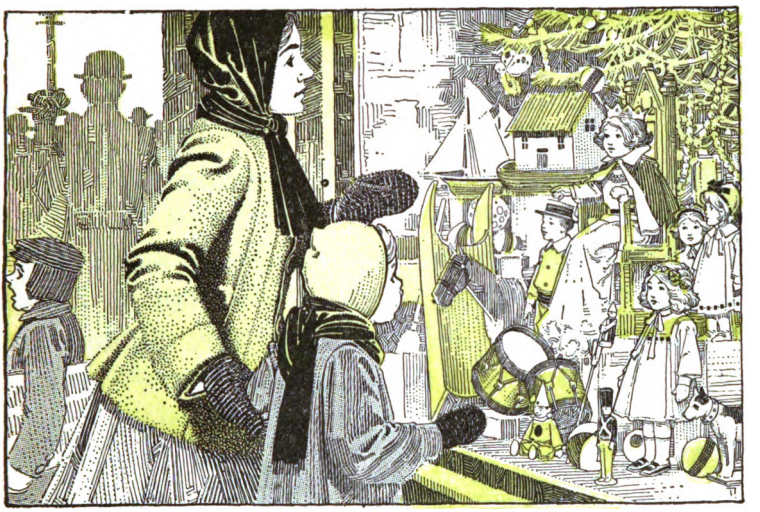
### THE WISHED-FOR DOLL

It was the day before Christmas, and Gretchen was jostled and pushed by the crowds of people. At last they went into a store which made her blue eyes open wide. For it was a toy store,—the most beautiful toy store she had ever seen in her life.

In that store were toys that had come across the sea, as Gretchen had done. There were dolls from France, who were spending their first Christmas away from home. There were woolly sheep, and painted soldiers, and dainty furniture, and wonderful toys marked very carefully, "Made in Germany."

Even the Japanese, from their island in the great ocean, had sent strange, slant-eyed dolls to help little children keep Christmas.

Oh! it was splendid to be in the toy shop the day before Christmas! All the tin soldiers stood up so straight and tall. They looked as if they were just ready to march whenever the big drums should call them.



The rocking-horses were waiting to gallop away. The tops were all ready to spin, and the balls rolled about, because it was so hard for them to keep still.

The beautiful dolls were dressed in their best. One of them was a princess, and wore a white satin dress, and had a crown on her head. She sat on a throne in one of the windows, with all the other dolls around her.

It was in this very window that Gretchen saw a baby doll, which made her forget all the others. It was a real baby doll, not nearly so fine as some of the others, but it had a look on its face as if it wanted to be loved. Gretchen's

warm German heart went out to it; for little mothers are the same all the world over.

Such a dear baby doll! It must have been made for a Christmas gift, Gretchen thought. If Rupert ever came to this strange America, he would surely give it to her.

She thought about it all the way home, and all day long. When the gas was lighted down in the great city, and the stars were lighted up above, she was still thinking about it. For the time of Rupert's coming drew very near.

### THE GOOD SAINT NICHOLAS

Although Gretchen's father was now better, her mother told her sadly that there could be no Christmas tree for them this year. The little girl tried to be brave. She wrapped herself up in a shawl, and, taking her shoes in her hand, crept down the stairs. Through the door she went, and out upon the wooden porch.

There had been a light fall of snow that day, and yet it was a mild Christmas. Gretchen set her shoes evenly together, and then sat down near them; for she had made up her mind to watch them until Santa Claus came by.

All over the city the bells were ringing,—calling "Merry Christmas" to each other and

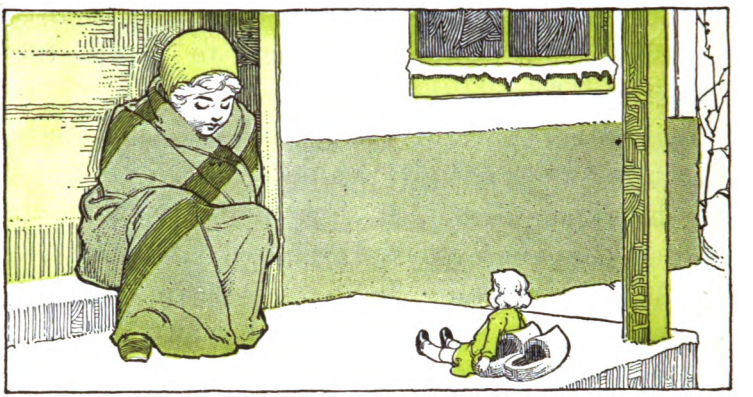
to the world. So sweetly did they sing to little Gretchen that they sang her to sleep that Christmas Eve.

In another part of the great city, that night, a little American girl named Margaret found her heart so filled with love and joy, that she wanted to make everybody happy. All day long she had been doing loving deeds, and in the evening she started out with a basketful of toys to help Santa Claus.

Her father was with her, and they were so happy that they sang Christmas carols as they went down the street. They happened to pass in front of the wooden porch, just after Gretchen had fallen asleep by her empty shoes.

The moon had seen those empty shoes, and was filling them with moonbeams. The stars had seen them, and were peeping into them with pity. When Margaret and her father saw them, they stopped in surprise. They had been in Germany, and they knew that the little owner was waiting for the good Saint Nicholas, or Rupert, his helper.

"What can we give her?" whispered Margaret's father, as he looked into her basketful of toys. But Margaret knew; for she took from the basket a baby doll,—one that looked as if



it wanted to be loved,—and laid it tenderly beside the wooden shoes.

When Gretchen awoke, she did not see Margaret and her father, for they had run away. But, oh! wonder of wonders! what did she see? There, beside the wooden shoes, lay the dearest Christmas gift that ever came to a homesick little girl!

All the bells were singing and ringing! Margaret and her father, as they went on their way, answered them with a merry Christmas carol:

"Carol, brothers, carol!
Carol merrily!
Carol the glad tidings,
Carol cheerily!

—*Maud Lindsay—Adapted.*

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

You come from a land where the snow lies deep
In forest glade, on mountain steep,
Where the days are short and the nights are long,
And never a skylark sings his song.
Have you seen the wild deer in his mountain home,
And watched the fall of the brown pine cone?

Do you miss your mates in the land of snow,
Where none but the evergreen branches grow?
Dear tree, we will dress you in robes so bright
That ne'er could be seen a prettier sight;
In glittering balls and tinkling bells,
And the star which the story of Christmas tells.

On every branch we will place a light
That shall send its gleam through the starry night;
And the little children will gather there,
And carol their songs in voices fair;
And we hope you will never homesick be,
You beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree.

—*Mary A. McHugh.*

## WHERE DO THE OLD YEARS GO?

Pray, where do the Old Years go, mamma,
When their work is over and done?
Does somebody tuck them away to sleep,
Quite out of the sight of the sun?

Was there ever a Year that made a mistake,
And stayed when its time was o'er,
Till it had to hurry its poor old feet,
When the New Year knocked at the door?

I wish you a happy New Year, mamma,—
I am sure new things are nice,—
And this one comes with a merry face,
And plenty of snow and ice.

But I only wish I had kept awake
Till the Old Year made his bow,
For what he said when the clock struck twelve
I shall never find out now.

Do you think he was tired and glad to rest?
Do you think that he said good-bye,
Or faded away alone in the dark,
Without so much as a sigh?

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

## THE FIRST EASTER EGGS

### ACT I

*Time*—One Easter Eve, Long Ago
*Place*—A Little Village in Germany

*Persons:*

Frau Marta  Frau Elsa
Frau Bertha  Frau Lisbeth

*Frau Elsa sits spinning in her little kitchen. Suddenly a knock is heard at the door.*

Frau Elsa. [*Starting up.*] Who can be coming to see me on Easter Eve?

*She opens the door and her friends, Bertha, Marta, and Lisbeth, come in.*

Frau Bertha. You are surprised to see us, Elsa?

Frau Elsa. Yes, but you are very welcome. Sit down.

*The three visitors sit down and begin to knit as they talk, while Frau Elsa spins.*

FRAU LISBETH. We are in trouble, and have come to ask your advice, for it is always good.

FRAU ELSA. I think I know why you are sad. Is it not because tomorrow is Easter, and you have nothing to give to your children to make the day happy?

FRAU MARTA. You are right, Elsa. And the children look forward so to a joyous Easter!

FRAU BERTHA. And you know how we have always given them toys and sweets and other goodies every Easter.

FRAU ELSA. [*Sadly.*] Yes, I know, I know, Bertha. And this year the terrible famine has made us all so poor that no one has any Easter gifts for the children.

FRAU LISBETH. It made my heart ache to hear my little Hans call to me before he went to sleep tonight. "Mother," he kept asking, "Are you getting the toys ready for Easter?" He was too excited to go to sleep.

FRAU BERTHA. We have come to you, Elsa, because you are so wise. Do help us!

*Elsa sits thinking for a moment. Then she jumps up and claps her hands.*

FRAU ELSA. I have a plan to make the children happy! Listen! I will tell you what it is.

*All listen eagerly as she tells her plan.*

ACT II

*Time*—EASTER MORNING
*Place*—THE WOODS

*Persons:*

THE VILLAGERS [*Men, Women, and Children*]

*The Villagers are walking home from church through the woods. Little Hans with his father and mother lead the way.*

HANS. [*Tugging at his mother's hand.*] Oh, hurry, mother! Let us walk fast! I want to see what Easter Day has brought for me.

FRAU LISBETH. But first, do you not want to see if you can find some flowers in the woods? Perhaps the violets are out. See if you can find some to take home with you.

*Hans nods his head joyfully and runs to look for flowers.*

LENA. See! Hans is looking for flowers! Oh, he has found a violet! Come, Trina and Gretchen, let us look, too!

FRITZ. Come, Franz! The violets are out!

*The children run here and there, pushing aside the dead leaves, looking for violets. Suddenly Hans gives a loud shout.*

HANS. Oh, Father! Mother! See what I have found! [*He holds up a bright green egg.*]

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh, oh, oh! How beautiful!

GRETCHEN. I have found one, too! A beautiful, beautiful blue egg! [*She holds it up.*]

FRITZ. Here is a red one!

MINNA. Oh, oh, oh! Here's a whole nestful, all different colors!

*All the children hold up the wonderful eggs and dance with joy.*

LENA. What kind of eggs can they be?

FRANZ. They are too large for birds' eggs!

CONRAD. They look like hens' eggs, but who ever saw hens' eggs with such beautiful colors?

ALL. Where did they come from? Where did they come from?

*Suddenly a rabbit leaps out from behind a tree. He sits for a moment, watching the merry children. Hans is the first to see him.*

HANS. Oh, Mother, look at the rabbit!

ALL. Look! look! A rabbit! A rabbit!

*The rabbit leaps through the bushes and is soon hidden from sight.*

HANS. Oh, Mother! I know, now, about the eggs! The rabbit laid the pretty eggs!

FRITZ. Yes, the rabbit laid the wonderful eggs! It must have been the rabbit!

ALL THE CHILDREN. Hurrah for the rabbit! Hurrah for the Easter Rabbit! Let us run home and play with our pretty eggs.

*They run ahead, laughing and shouting, and showing each other the bright eggs.*

FRAU LISBETH. You were right, Elsa. You are always wise. The colored eggs have given our children a happy Easter Day.

FRAU BERTHA. They will not miss the toys and the sweets, now.

FRAU ELSA. [*Laughing.*] And every Easter the little ones will walk through the woods, seeking the colored eggs that the Easter Rabbit laid.

—*Old German Tale.*

## COLUMBUS AND HIS SON, DIEGO

THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA

One day, more than four hundred years ago, a man and a boy were walking along a dusty road in Spain. For a long time they had been traveling in the hot sun, and now they were foot-sore and thirsty.

At last, as they came to a bend in the road, they saw a long, low building. "Diego," said the man, "we will ask the good friars at that convent for a cool drink of water. They will let us rest there, and it may be that they will help me to carry out my great plan."

"I shall be glad to rest, father, for I am very tired," said the boy. "But why do you think the friars may help you to prove that the world is round? You have asked so many people to help you, and yet no one has been willing to give you money or ships!"

"It is true, Diego," said his father, "that the kings and the rich men have been unwilling to aid me. But I shall never give up hope. And these good friars are wiser and kinder than the other men I have gone to. They spend their lives in this convent, reading and studying all the wisdom that has been written down in books.

"Surely they will be able to see that my plan will lead to great things. I have heard, too, that one of these friars named Perez, is a friend of Isabella, the Queen of Spain. He might ask her to let me have ships for my voyage."

So Columbus, for that was the name of Diego's father, knocked at the convent door. The friar who opened the door, saw at a glance that the thoughtful-looking man and his bright-faced boy were no common beggars. They were allowed to rest in the convent, and food and water were brought to them. Then the friars gathered around Columbus and asked him to tell them his story.

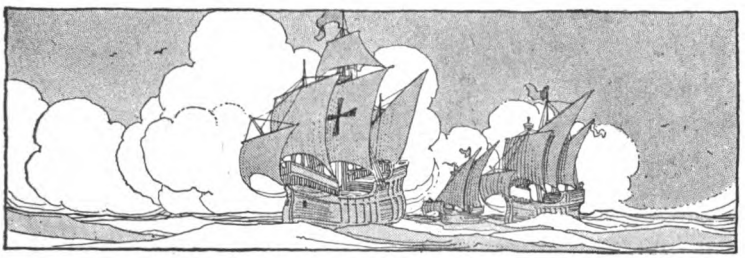
Now Columbus believed that the world is round, and that he could prove this to be true if he had ships for a voyage. So for several years he had been going about seeking vessels so that he could carry out his plan.

In those days, almost everyone except Columbus thought that the earth was a great flat surface. So when he went about, trying to gain ships and money, men laughed at him, and were unwilling to give him aid.

He told the eager friars gathered around him about his strange adventures in the search for help. Then, spreading out a rough map upon the table, Columbus pointed to India in the Far East.

"If I can only get ships," he said, "I will prove that the world is round. For I will sail westward over the ocean. When I have sailed a long time, I shall come to India. After that, the rich spices and the beautiful silks of India will be brought to Europe in ships. We shall no longer need to reach India by the slow caravans that take so long to travel by land."

All the friars looked at the map with interest. But Perez was even more eager than the others, for he had always been greatly interested in maps. "Columbus, you are right!" he suddenly cried. "I have faith in your plan. I believe that you will find riches and lands across the sea for Spain. This very day, I will send a messenger to Queen Isabella, asking her to help you."



And so it came about that the Queen of Spain gave Columbus the help which had been refused him so long. Early one August morning in the year 1492, with three ships he set sail from the coast of Spain.

### DIEGO AS A PAGE AT THE SPANISH COURT

Little Diego wanted to go on the voyage, but his father told him that he was too young. So the little boy was taken to the court of Spain, where he was to be a page until his father returned.

There were many unhappy hours in store for the lonely young boy. For almost everyone in Spain believed that Columbus would come to his death in his strange voyage. People called him "The Mad Sailor," because he said that the world was round and that he could reach the east by sailing west.

Very often the other pages in the royal palace would gather round Diego and tease him. "Ho, Diego!" cried one of these boys one day seven months after Columbus had sailed away. "What news today, from The Mad Sailor?"

"When it is time for news from my father," answered Diego, drawing himself up proudly, "it shall be great news, I promise you!"

"Time!" cried one of the others. "It is nearly seven months since The Mad Sailor started out from Palos! Isn't seven months enough time. Long before this your father reached the edge of the world and sailed right over it. Down, down, down, he fell, he and his ships and his men!"

"The earth is round!" replied Diego. "There is no edge to sail over. It is only foolish people who think so. My father will sail on and on. He will reach land on the other side of the world!"

"Ho-ho-ho!" laughed all the other boys. "The earth round! Ho-ho-ho!"

"Everyone knows that the earth is flat, and that it rests upon the back of a great turtle!" said a page named Gomez. "How round does the earth look to you, Diego? Look across the garden. Does it curve up or down? You have

seen the great sea, haven't you? When The Mad Sailor set out for the west, was he sailing up-hill? Ho-ho-ho!"

"If the world is round," said another page, laughing, "what about the people on the other side? If there are people under us, they must be walking with their heels upward and their heads hanging down!"

"Yes," jeered another, "and in that land, I suppose it rains and snows upward!"

"My father says that in those countries, down is toward the earth, and up is toward the sky, just as it is here," answered Diego.

"There are terrible monsters in the Sea of Darkness," said Gomez. "They will swallow your father's three ships at one mouthful."

"It is not so," replied Diego, with scorn. "The sea is just the same blue sea that laps the wharf at Palos. Far to the west are wonderful islands. Farther still are the shores of India. My father will find them!"

Suddenly a messenger ran into the hall where the boys were talking. "The son of Columbus!" he called loudly. "Where is he? The queen sends for him! The great Columbus has found the land beyond the sea! A message has just come from him."

The pages fell back, in surprise and shame, as Diego proudly followed the messenger to the queen. In the whole world, there was no happier boy. For what his father had taught him was all true! The Mad Sailor was right; the world was round!

The troubles of Diego were now over. Columbus had made his great voyage and had returned in safety. The king and the queen of Spain gave him a royal welcome, and no honor was too great for The Mad Sailor who had proved that the earth is round!

Diego wept for joy when his father clasped him in his arms and told him the story of his adventures. And how his eyes opened, when he saw the strange, dark people, clad in skins of wild beasts, that Columbus had brought with him from the lands beyond the sea!

We know now that it was not India that Columbus had found, but our own America. This great continent, and the islands near it, lay right across his path to the Far East. But after all, Columbus was right. For the earth is a globe, and by sailing westward, we can reach the east.

—*Sarah A. Haste.*

# THE BOY, THE BEES, AND THE BRITISH

## THE BRITISH RAID

"I wish I could help General Washington, too, mother! But here I must stay at home, while father and brother Ben are fighting for our country."

Jack and his mother were sitting on the piazza of their Virginia home, one hot June day in the year 1781. There were hard times in Virginia that year. For British soldiers rode everywhere, seizing all the horses and whatever they could find for food.

Jack's brother Ben was one of the American soldiers under the command of Lafayette. His father was with another part of the army, as an officer under General Washington.

"You were left here to take care of me, Jack," said his mother. "The British have been here once already, and have taken all our horses except Old Bay. They will surely come again. Would you want me to meet them alone?"

"No, indeed, mother!" answered Jack, earnestly. "But everyone says that Lafayette will soon drive the British out of Virginia. They say that George Washington will send men from his army in New York to help him. Oh, I wish I could join Washington's army!"

"Try to be contented, Jack," said his mother, gently. "Your brother Ben is in the army. One boy is enough for me to spare just now. Wait until you are a little older."

"But I am nearly fifteen, mother," pleaded Jack. "Father says that George Washington was only a boy when he went to fight the French and the Indians. And now he is general of all our army! Some day he will make our country free. How can anyone help his country by staying at home on a sleepy old plantation like this?"

Just then the clatter of horses' hoofs came to their ears from far down the road. Jack and his mother knew well enough what the sound meant.

'The red-coats are coming!" cried the boy, jumping to his feet. "I'll get Old Bay out of the barn, mother! The British shan't have our last horse if I can help it. I'll hide him back in the woods."

It did not take the young boy many minutes to hide Old Bay in a safe place. Then he ran back to the house as fast as his legs could carry him. "Now the old horse is safe, mother," he said proudly.

"I am afraid, Jack," replied his mother, "that the British are after more than horses this time. Neighbor Greene says they are getting hungry. We'll not have much left to eat after this visit."

"Never mind, mother!" said Jack. "If the red-coats take everything, I will see that you do not starve. I'm glad that I'm here, after all."

At that very moment, up the road with shouting and clatter of hoofs, came the British soldiers,—four hundred of them. When they reached the plantation, they swarmed all over the place. They drove wagons into the yard, and loaded them with corn from the barn and with food from the great cellar.

From the end of the piazza, Jack and his mother watched them. They saw the bellowing cattle driven up, and the squealing pigs taken from their pens. How the soldiers laughed and joked, as they chased squawking chickens about the yard!

"Hurry up, men!" called their leader. "And keep a sharp lookout. Don't let the rebels come upon us by surprise! Now get what horses you can find, and let us be off."

"It is hard, Jack," said his mother, as they heard these commands, "to see all our food taken in this way. Just to think that Lafayette's army is somewhere in Virginia at this very moment! I wish they had come here before these red-coats. I do not like to feed the British when our own soldiers are hungry."

"I am glad that I got Old Bay out of sight, anyway," said Jack, as he watched the soldiers.

### JACK'S DARING PLAN

From his place on the piazza, Jack could see the barn, the granaries, the long row of beehives near them, and the clump of bushes where Old Bay was hidden. Far beyond, stretched the road to Richmond.

Jack's sharp eyes saw all these things at a glance. But they saw something else, too! Horsemen! Far down on the Richmond road, horsemen were coming. And they were not red-coats this time; Lafayette's men were coming! Oh, if they could only get to the plantation in time to catch the British!

But the British lookouts had eyes as sharp as Jack's. Up went a shout, "The rebels! The rebels are coming!"

Suddenly a daring plan came into Jack's mind "Run into the house, mother," he whispered. "Quick! Quick!" Without stopping to explain his plan, he jumped from the piazza and ran toward the long row of bee-hives.

At that very moment, the horse-hunters rushed out of the barn in answer to the warning of the lookouts. Instantly, Jack picked up the nearest bee-hive and flung it into the midst of the hurrying soldiers. Then he ran like the wind to the place where Old Bay was hidden.

What a scene there was! The angry bees flew at men and animals, alike. Maddened by their stings, the horses plunged and kicked! The pigs and the cattle and even the frightened chickens joined in the uproar! Neighing, squawking, bellowing, squealing, and shouting filled the air!

The British soldiers ran about in wild confusion, falling over each other in their efforts to beat off the stinging bees. "Run for it, boys! Run for it!" shouted their leader. Then, helter-skelter they ran down the road, with the angry bees in hot pursuit!

But they were too late. Their fight with the bees had delayed them, and the pain from the stings had confused them. And at that very moment, flying along the road close behind them came Lafayette's troops,—led by a boy on an old bay horse!

So it was that the brave young American boy found a way to help his country, even though he could not join Washington's army. For the four hundred British soldiers were captured,—and it was Jack with his angry bees that brought it all about.

—*Lutie Andrews McCorkle—Adapted.*

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## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

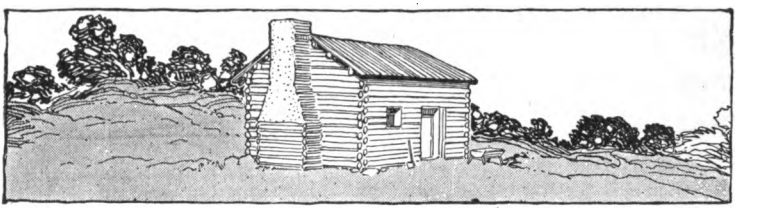
'Tis splendid to live so grandly,
  That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
  And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
  That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
  Keeps its thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
  So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
  Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
  Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
  All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
  A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
  When his country's days were few;
And now, when its days are many,
  And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
  His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
  To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
  To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
  That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
  Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*



## A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO

Little Abe hurried home as fast as his feet could carry him. Perhaps if he had worn stockings and shoes like yours, he could have run faster. But instead, he wore deerskin leggings and clumsy moccasins of bearskin that his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure as he was, hurrying along across the rough fields! His suit was made of warm homespun cloth. His cap was made of coonskin, and the tail of the coon hung behind him, like a furry tassel.

But if you could have looked into the honest, twinkling blue eyes of this little lad of long ago, you would have liked him at once.

In one hand little Abe held something very precious. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of that book than he would have thought of gold or precious stones.

You cannot know just what that book meant to little Abe, unless you are very fond of reading. Think how it would be to see no books except two or three old ones that you had read over and over until you knew them by heart!

So, when a neighbor had said that little Abe might take a book home with him, and keep it until he had read it all through, do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars?

A real book—a book that told about the big world! Little Abe's heart beat fast; such a treat seemed almost too good to be true.

Little Abe's home was not much like your home. It was not built of stone or brick, but of rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed, close to the roof, he could look through the chinks between the logs and see the twinkling stars shining down upon him.

Sometimes the great yellow moon smiled at him as she sailed through the dark night sky. And sometimes, too, saucy raindrops pattered down upon the face of the sleeping boy.

Every night, after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft, he put his precious borrowed book in a small crack between the logs. In the morning, when the first gray light came in, he awoke and read until his father called him.

Little Abe worked hard all day long. He never had a moment in the daytime to peep between the covers of his beloved book. So night after night he read until the book was nearly finished.

One night he slipped the book away as usual, and fell asleep to dream of the wonderful story. He awoke very early, but no golden sunbeams peeped at him through the chinks. The loft was dark and cold.

He reached out his hand for the book,—and what do you think? He put it into a pile of something white and cold; for his bed was covered with a blanket of soft white snow!

He sat up shivering, and reached again for the book. When he pulled it out and saw how it looked, the poor little fellow almost cried. For that precious book was wet from cover to cover, and its crisp leaves were crumpled and soaked with the snow.

Poor little Abe! There was a big lump in his throat as he looked at the ruined book; for what would its owner say?

As soon as he was dressed, the young boy hastened to the kind neighbor. Looking straight into the man's face with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work to pay for it?"

"I will do anything for you," said the little fellow, eagerly.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder-corn for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into his kind neighbor's face. "Then, sir," he asked, anxiously, "will the book be all mine?"

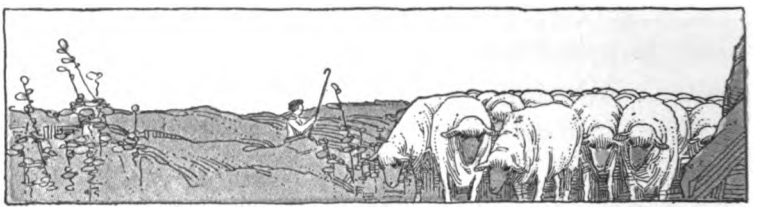
"Why, yes, of course," said the man, good-naturedly. "You will have earned it."

So little Abe worked for three days. He was cold, and his back often ached as he pulled the corn. But he was too happy to care about such things as these; for was not that precious book to be his very own?

What do you suppose the book was, for which little Abe worked so long and so faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful fairy tales? No; it was the story of George Washington's life.

Long afterward, when little Abe had become the President of the United States, he used to tell the story of his first book. "That book—the story of George Washington—helped me to become President," said Abraham Lincoln.

—*Alice E. Allen.*



## JOSEPH, THE RULER

### JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

"Father, may I go with my brothers today and help take care of the sheep?"

"You are too young, Joseph. What would you do if a lion should come?"

"I should run to Reuben. He would take care of me," answered the little boy.

"Reuben would be busy taking care of the sheep. But some day, when you are older, you may go with them."

Little Joseph lived many years ago in the land of Canaan. All around his home were grass-covered hills, which made good pasture land for the sheep. Joseph's father was a rich man and had large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. His sons led these flocks to pasture every day and watched over them.

As Joseph grew older, his father sometimes allowed him to go out into the pastures with

his ten big brothers. At first the brothers were very happy together. But after a time, some of the older boys began to think that their father loved Joseph more than he loved them.

One day Joseph went out into the fields, dressed in a beautiful new coat of many colors. His brothers looked at him in surprise, for none of them had such a coat as this. They wore sheepskins, and their arms were bare.

"See the new coat that father gave me!" said Joseph. "Is it not beautiful?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Reuben, pleased because his young brother was happy. But the others were angry with their father for giving Joseph such a beautiful coat.

"Why should father give you such a coat as that?" asked one.

"We are older than you, and he has never given us coats of many colors," said another.

"Go home!" said a third brother. "We do not want you around!"

"No, he will not go home!" said Reuben, putting his arm around Joseph. "He shall stay with me."

The other brothers were afraid to say more to Reuben, who was the oldest of them all. So they walked away, looking back angrily at Joseph.

One night, soon after this, Joseph had a strange dream and the next day he said to his brothers, "I dreamed last night that we were all in the fields, binding the sheaves of grain. Suddenly my sheaf stood up, and all your sheaves stood around it and bowed down to it. Was not that a strange dream?"

"I think it was a very strange dream!" said one brother, angrily. "I suppose you think that we shall bow down to you some day!"

"I never thought of your bowing down to me," said Joseph. "Do not be angry!"

But his brothers were angry and they went out to the pastures and left him alone.

JOSEPH IS SOLD AS A SLAVE

One day the ten older brothers saw Joseph coming across the fields to them.

"Here comes Joseph, the dreamer," said one.

"He thinks he is better than we, because he wears fine clothes," said another. "I hate him!"

Then they planned how they might get rid of their younger brother. They knew that they could not harm Joseph while Reuben was with them, so they waited until he had gone away. Then they sold Joseph as a slave to some merchants who were passing by on their way to Egypt.

"Now the dreamer is a slave!" said one of the brothers, as the merchants went off.

"He will never wear rich clothes again!" said another. "No one will bow down to him now!"

When evening came, Reuben returned and found out what his brothers had done.

"You will be sorry for this wickedness!" he cried. "You hate Joseph because he is good and because our father loves him. But God will watch over him; and you will never be able to forget what you have done this day!"

The brothers tried to laugh, but they did not feel happy, for they knew that Reuben was

right. Upon their return home, they told their father that Joseph had been carried off by a wild beast.

When the merchants reached Egypt, they sold Joseph to one of the king's officers. This man soon found out that Joseph was faithful, and that he knew how to care for sheep and cattle. Little by little he gave Joseph charge over all his property and his servants.

So faithful was the young slave, that after a few years people began to hear of him,—the wise, kind, honest Joseph, who was so different from all the people around him.

Now it happened that one night the king of Egypt had a strange dream. The next day he asked all his wise men what the dream meant. When no one could tell him, the king was very much troubled.

At last one of his servants said, "O King, I believe that Joseph, the wise slave, can tell you the meaning of your dream."

"Bring Joseph to me," said the king.

So Joseph was brought to the palace and the great king of Egypt told him his dream.

"O King," said Joseph, "the meaning of your dream is this. For seven years, plentiful harvests will be gathered. Then will come seven

years in which nothing will grow. God has told you this in a dream so that you may get ready for the seven years of famine. Then your people will not starve."

"But what can I do, Joseph?" asked the king.

"Choose a man who is wise and honest, O King," said Joseph. "Give him charge over all the land and let him store up grain during the seven years of plenty. Then there will be store-houses full of corn in the years when no corn will grow."

JOSEPH BECOMES A RULER

"Joseph, you have shown that you are wiser than all my wise men," said the king. "You shall be ruler, for me, over all the land of Egypt. Tell the people what they must do to prepare for the seven years of famine. Your orders shall be obeyed, and all Egypt will love you and bless you."

The king then placed his own ring on Joseph's finger and threw a beautiful gold chain around his neck. He gave him clothes of fine linen and a chariot, just like his own.

Whenever Joseph went out, servants ran before him and called out to all the people, "Bow the knee before the great ruler of Egypt!"

When the seven years of plenty had passed, there came a time in which no crops would grow. There was no food in any land except Egypt, but there, the store-houses were full of grain.

Among those who came to Egypt to buy corn, were Joseph's ten older brothers. Their father had heard that corn could be bought in Egypt and so he sent them there to buy.

But he kept Benjamin, his youngest son, at home. "Joseph is dead," he said, "and I still mourn for him. Now if any harm should come to Benjamin, it would kill me."

His sons tried to comfort him, for they knew they had brought a great sorrow upon their father when they sold Joseph as a slave. They had never been able to forget their wicked deed, and they often thought how good they would be to their brother if he could come back to them now.

Very sadly they set out for Egypt, wondering if they should ever feel happy again. On their way to the store-house they heard a cry, "Bow the knee! Here comes the great ruler of Egypt!"

They saw that all the people bowed down with their faces to the ground, when they heard these words. The brothers bowed down, also, just as a chariot drove swiftly past.

Then they stood up and followed the crowd of people who were going to buy corn. When their turn came to speak to the ruler, the brothers again bowed down to the ground.

They did not know that this great lord was the gentle little brother, to whom they had said they would never bow down.

But Joseph knew his brothers as soon as he saw them. "O my dear brothers!" he thought. "Will you be glad to know that Joseph is alive and loves you, or do you still hate him?"

When he had asked his brothers about their home and their family, he sold them some corn to take to their father. But he told them that he would not sell them any more, unless they brought their youngest brother to Egypt.

The brothers returned to Canaan with the corn, but it was not long before they needed more food. Then they told their father that they could buy no corn unless Benjamin went with them.

At first the poor old man would not allow Benjamin to go to Egypt. But when, at last, their food was gone, he said that the young boy might go. "But bring him back safe," he said, "or I shall die. I am an old man, and Benjamin is my youngest and dearest son."

JOSEPH FORGIVES HIS BROTHERS

So once more the brothers set out for Egypt, and soon stood before Joseph.

"Is your father well?" asked Joseph.

"Our father is in good health," they answered, bowing down to the ground.

"Is this your youngest brother?" asked Joseph.

"This is Benjamin," they answered, bowing.

"God bless you, my boy," said Joseph, putting his hand on his young brother's head. He could hardly keep himself from throwing his arms around Benjamin. But first he wanted to find out how his brothers felt toward him.

The next morning, the brothers set out for home with the corn they had bought. They had not gone far, when one of Joseph's servants came running after them.

"My master's silver cup has been stolen!" he cried. "Which one of you has taken it?"

"We are not thieves!" cried the brothers. "We know nothing of your master's cup!"

"One of you must have taken it!" said the servant. "I must search your bags!"

Then he began to search for the cup. When he put his hand in Benjamin's bag, he suddenly cried out, "Here it is!"

Poor Benjamin looked at the cup and then at his brothers. He could not say a word; he only knew that he had not stolen the cup.

"Come back, now, to my master," said the servant.

Very sadly the brothers turned back to the palace, where Joseph was waiting for them. When they saw him, they fell down with their faces to the ground.

"We are honest men!" they said. "We do not know how the cup came to be in the bag, but none of us stole it! We pray you to believe us and to set us free!"

"The one in whose bag the cup was found shall stay here," said Joseph. "The others may go home."

"O my dear lord," cried one of the brothers, "let me stay here instead of Benjamin. Kill me, if you wish, but let him go home!"

"Yes! Yes!" said all the brothers, together, "let us all die, but send Benjamin home!"

"Why should I punish you, who are not to blame?" asked Joseph.

"We have been very wicked," said one of the brothers. "Many years ago we hated our young brother, Joseph, so much, that we sold him as a slave. Our father has mourned for

him ever since, and from that day on, we have never been happy. Now, if harm should come to Benjamin, our father would die! We cannot go home without the boy."

As he spoke, the poor man began to weep, and all the other brothers wept with him.

"O my dear brothers!" cried Joseph, while the tears ran down his cheeks, too. "I am Joseph. I told my servant to put the cup into Benjamin's bag. Now I know that you love him, and I believe that you will love me."

"Are you Joseph?" asked one of the brothers. "Can you forgive us for our wickedness?"

"I forgave you long ago," said Joseph. "Do not weep any more, for God has blessed me in this land. If my father were only here, I should be perfectly happy!"

Before very long, Joseph had his wish. His father came to Egypt and lived there, with his twelve sons around him. Then, Joseph was not only the greatest man in all Egypt, but the happiest.

—*Clara E. Lynch.*

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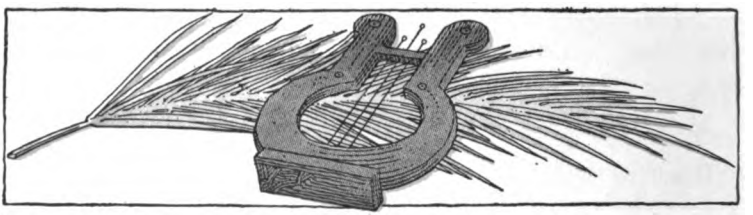
## THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot:
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

—*William Blake.*



## DAVID, THE SINGER

### DAVID'S LIFE AS A SHEPHERD

"Mother, I wish I were old enough to go out to war with my brothers! I do not want to take care of the sheep every day!" said a little boy in Bethlehem, many years ago.

"Is that what you have been thinking about, David?" asked his mother. "I wondered why you had stopped singing."

"Yes. Our king is so good and so brave that I want to do something for him, to show him my love."

"I hope you will have a chance some time, David, but you must wait until you are older. Now get your harp, and sing for me the beautiful song I heard you singing as you came home this evening."

"Did you like it, mother? I made that little song out in the fields today. I was trying to thank God for taking care of me and my sheep."

Then David took his harp and sang, "Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy name forever and ever."

Months passed, and David said no more about being a soldier, but went on faithfully with his work as a shepherd.

Every day he led his sheep out and watched over them. Sometimes he went so far to find green pastures, that he could not get home before dark. Then he would spend the night in the fields with his flock.

There was no sleep for David on these nights, for often he would hear the lions roaring. Hour after hour he would sit, watching to see that no harm should come to his sheep.

Many times the young boy said, as he looked up at the stars, "How beautiful they are! They almost seem to speak of the greatness of God. I wish I could make a song about them." So one night he took his harp and tried to make this song. He began with these words, "The heavens tell the glory of God, and the moon and the stars are the work of His hands."

Again and again he tried, but he could not make the song as he wanted it to be. "Some day I shall make a song about the heavens that will say what I want to say," he said to himself.

One day as David sat watching his sheep, he heard a noise in the bushes not far away. Springing to his feet, he grasped his staff firmly and stood ready to fight for his flock.

Suddenly, a great lion sprang out of the bushes and seized a lamb. Instantly, David rushed forward and struck the huge beast a heavy blow with his staff.

Roaring angrily, the lion dropped the lamb and leaped upon David. But the brave boy seized the lion's jaw with one strong hand, while with the other, he struck such a blow that the great beast fell dead.

That night David played upon his harp, and sang these words, "I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, and sing praises unto Thy name!"

Some months passed, and then one day David saw a number of men riding swiftly toward him. He knew at once that this was a band of robbers, who would try to kill him and carry off his sheep.

"I am only one, and they are many," he said to himself. "But I will not be afraid, for I know that God will help me."

So the brave young shepherd seized his sling and placed himself in front of his sheep. Then, as the robbers came near, he shot one stone after another at them. With each shot, a rider fell from his horse.

Most of the robbers, thinking that there were a great number of men fighting against them, turned and fled. But others saw that David was alone. With a loud shout, they jumped from their horses and rushed toward the boy.

Then David raised his staff and struck such great blows that the robbers cried to each other, "The boy has the strength of a giant!" And they ran in haste to the spot where they had left their horses.

That night David's mother heard him playing upon his harp and singing. As she listened, she heard these words, "The Lord is my strength. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

DAVID HELPS KING SAUL

One evening David's father told him that a strange illness had come upon King Saul, their ruler. At times he was so wild and fierce that no one dared to go near him.

All the next day, as David watched his sheep, he thought of his dear king. "If I were only near him, perhaps I could help him," thought the boy. "I would not be afraid."

While David was thinking about the king, some of the soldiers were talking of his illness. "What can we do?" asked one of them. "King Saul will neither eat nor sleep."

"Perhaps music would quiet him," said the captain. "But who would dare sing or play before him? The king may throw his great spear at anyone who goes near him."

"Young David would not be afraid," said one of the soldiers. "He is not afraid of anything, and he has the sweetest voice you ever heard."

"Bring the boy to me," said the captain.

And so it happened that the next day a soldier came to David, saying, "I have come to ask you to play for King Saul. He is ill and the music may help him."

When David came to the captain, the great soldier looked at the brave young boy and smiled. "David," he said, "it may be that I am doing wrong to send you before King Saul. He is so fierce in his illness that he may kill you."

"I am not afraid," answered David. "I shall be glad to try to help our poor king."

"Go in then, my boy, and may God bless you;" said the captain.

The king was sitting with bowed head when David entered the room, and said gently, "I am David, dear King Saul. I have come to sing and to play for you."

The king did not lift his head or speak. He did not seem to know that anyone was near.

Then David bent over his harp, and a sound like the sweet, low note of a bird was heard. After that there was silence for a moment. Again came that sweet, soft call.

Slowly the king turned his head. Was there a bird in the room? Again that sleepy little bird note. Another bird seemed to answer; then all was silence again.

Very softly David touched the strings of his harp and sang in a low, sweet voice. He sang a lullaby which his mother had often sung to him, when he was a little child. Over and over

again he sang it, more and more softly, until his voice died away.

Little by little, the frown left the king's face, and he lifted his head and looked at David.

Then David changed his music. He sang of the green pastures; of the little brooks which ran through the fields; and of his care for the sheep that none might be lost. "O my King, do not be troubled or afraid. God will watch over you, as I watch over my sheep."

David ended his song, and for a while the room was very still. At last the king spoke, and his voice was kind and gentle, "Come here, my boy." When David went forward, Saul laid his hands upon the boy's shoulders. "You have helped me more than you know," said the king. "Will you stay with me always?"

"I must go back to my father and mother," answered David, "but I shall come to you, dear King, whenever you wish."

That night, when David reached home, he cried joyfully to his father and mother, "At last I have been able to help my king!" Then he tried to sing for them, what he had sung to the king, but he could not do it again. One little verse, only, he remembered, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

DAVID AND THE GIANT

Months passed, and David was still a quiet, faithful shepherd boy, spending his days in the fields, watching over his sheep.

One day his father said to him, "David, my son, take this bread and corn and cheese to your brothers and their captain." Very gladly the young boy started on his journey.

Now the army of King Saul was on a hill; the army of the enemy was on another hill, and there was a valley between them. As David came near, he heard a great shouting. Quickly he ran forward until he found his three older brothers, for he thought that the battle was beginning. But when he came to them, he was surprised to find that the battle had not begun. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Why does not the battle begin?"

"Look down there!" said one of the brothers.

David looked down and saw a strange sight. Between the two armies a great giant walked back and forth in the valley. His breast was covered with brass armor, and before him walked a man carrying his great shield.

As the young boy looked down, he heard the giant calling to Saul's army. "Choose a man

to come down here and fight me!" he shouted. "You are all cowards and dare not fight me!"

"How dare he talk like that to the army of Israel?" cried David. "Surely there are brave men here who will fight him!"

"That is easy to say!" said a soldier who was standing near. "But who dares fight such a giant as that?"

"I do not fear him!" answered the brave young boy. "I will fight him!"

Some of the soldiers laughed at this, but one, who heard him speak, ran to King Saul, crying, "O King, at last we have found someone who is not afraid of the giant!"

"Bring him to me," said the king.

"O King," said David, when he stood before Saul, "I will fight this wicked giant."

"You cannot fight him," said Saul. "You are only a boy, and this great giant has fought many battles."

"I have fought a lion and a bear," answered David, "and God saved me from both. He will save me now from this enemy."

Then King Saul put his own armor upon David, and a helmet upon his head. "Go, then, my boy, and may God bless you!" he said, as he gave him his sword, also.

But when David tried to walk, he found that the armor was too heavy and that the sword was too long. For Saul was a very tall man. So David put off the armor. "I am a shepherd boy," he said. "I have my staff and my sling. They are enough for me."

Then he picked up five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them into his wallet. With his sling in his hand, he went down to meet the giant.

"Who is this boy who comes to fight me with a stick?" roared the giant, when he saw the brave boy coming toward him. "I shall soon make an end of him!"

"You have sword and spear and shield," answered David. "But God will help me to win this battle and to save the people of Israel."

As he said these words, he ran forward, and shot one of the stones from his sling. So sure was the young boy's aim, and so strong was his arm, that the stone struck the giant upon the forehead, and he fell dead.

Then a great shout went up from the army of Israel, and they rushed down into the valley and up the other hill. But faster still the enemy ran before them. They dared not stand and fight when their greatest soldier was dead.

Never before had such a victory been won. "David is the greatest soldier in all the world!" cried the people, joyfully.

In after years, David became king of Israel. Although he was a great warrior, today, he is remembered, not for the battles he won, but for the songs he wrote.

For hundreds of years, men and women all over the world have read these songs and sung them. In times of sorrow, they bring cheer; in times of gladness, they help people to express their joy. So through all the years, people have found delight in these songs, which we call the "Psalms of David."

*—Clara E. Lynch.*

## SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

### THE BOY AND THE PLOWMAN

"O, father," cried a little boy, many years ago, running up to the door of a cottage. "A splendid black horse just galloped by, and the man who rode him was shining so brightly that I could hardly look at him!"

"You saw one of the knights riding to the palace, George," said his father. "It was his armor that shone so brightly."

"What do knights do, father?" asked the little boy.

"Good knights help people who are in trouble," the father answered, smiling at the eager child. "They ride all over the country, fighting wicked giants and punishing robbers."

"O, father, do get a horse and be a knight! You are always helping poor people."

"I am only a poor plowman, George. I can never be a knight," said the father, quietly.

"Never mind, father," said George. "When I am a man, I will be a knight, and you may ride my horse."

"My poor little boy, how can you ever be a knight, when your father is only a plowman?"

"I don't want to be a knight, father, if the thought of it makes you sad. I want to stay with you always."

George and his father were very poor, but they were always happy together. Every evening the plowman would tell the little boy wonderful stories of fairies and giants. Once he told him of a baby who had been stolen from home and left in a field, where he was found by a poor plowman.

"The plowman lived alone," said his father, "and this was such a dear little baby that he soon learned to love him. He named the baby George, and when he went out to the fields he carried George with him. Before long the baby was a little boy, running after the plow, and calling the plowman 'father.'"

"Why, father," cried George, before his father could finish the story, "that is just like you and me!"

"Yes, George, because you were the dear little baby and I am the plowman who found you. But I hope that some day you will find your own parents, for I know that they must be great people."

"I don't want to find them," said the little boy. "I shall never leave you!"

GEORGE BECOMES A KNIGHT

"Father," said George, one day, several years later, "I am tall and strong now. I want to go out and help someone who is in trouble. I know I can do good, even though I am not a knight."

"You are right, George, and I shall not keep you back. There is much evil in the world, and strong, brave men are needed to fight for those who cannot fight for themselves."

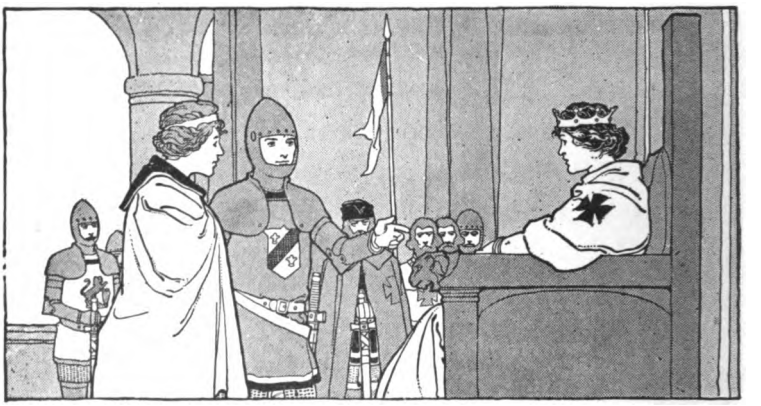
"Do you think the queen would send me to help someone, just as she sends her knights?"

"Go to the palace and ask her, my boy. This is the week of the great feast, and she will refuse nothing good that is asked at this time."

Early the next morning, George set out for the palace. When he entered the great hall, he walked straight up to the throne on which the queen sat, and knelt before her.

"I wish the chance to do a brave deed, gentle lady," he said. "I pray you, give me the first chance that comes."

"You look very young," said the queen, "but I cannot refuse anything good that is asked during this feast. Wait here. Your chance may come soon."



George had not been waiting very long, when a beautiful princess named Una, entered the hall. "O gentle Queen," she cried, "send one of your bravest knights with me to fight a dragon, who has shut up my father and mother in a castle."

"I will kill this wicked dragon for you!" cried George, coming forward.

"I do not like to send you to fight a dragon," said the good queen. "You are very young and you have neither horse nor armor."

"I have brought armor, a sword, a spear, and a war horse," said the princess. Then a servant brought in the armor, and it fitted George as if it had been made for him.

"Now I shall make you one of my knights," said the queen. "Be brave and true. Be

watchful. Remember that a good knight must think of others before himself. When you have done your work, come back to me that I may thank you."

This made George so happy that he thought he could fight any number of dragons. Thanking the good queen, he set out on his journey, with Una and her servant to guide him.

When they had traveled for some hours, they came to a dark forest. Here they lost their way, and every step they took, led them deeper into the woods.

At last they came to a great cave. "Now I know where we are!" cried Una. "This must be the terrible Wandering Woods, in which so many travelers have died. Yonder is the den of the beast which killed them!"

"Then he will kill no more!" cried George, drawing his sword. But Una and the servant begged him not to enter the cave, saying, "You will surely be killed!"

"I am a knight," answered George, walking boldly into the den. "I must not think of myself." As the great beast sprang forward, George, with one blow of the sword, struck him dead. After this, the young knight soon found the road which led out of the forest.

GEORGE FORSAKES UNA

As darkness came on, George and Una and the servant met an old man with long white hair. He looked as though he were kind and good, but in fact, the old man was very wicked. He was able to make even the best of friends think evil of each other.

"Good father," said George, bowing low, "is there any service for a knight to do in this part of the country?"

"Yes," said the old man. "A wicked robber has brought great trouble upon our people. No one is strong enough to fight him."

"Show me where I can find him," said George. "I became a knight to fight for those who are not able to fight for themselves."

"You cannot find him tonight," said the wicked old man. "Come home with me, and tomorrow I will guide you to him."

So they went to the home of the old man. While they were there, he made George think that Una was a wicked woman, who would lead him into evil ways.

In great grief, the young knight jumped upon his horse, and rode away with the servant, leaving the Princess Una behind him.

After they had ridden a great distance, George saw by the roadside a spring bubbling up. Throwing himself upon the grass, he drank the water eagerly.

Now George did not know it, but this was a very wonderful spring. For whoever drank from it, at once lost all desire to do great deeds.

As soon as George had tasted the magic water, he said to himself, "I am tired of fighting! I want to rest! Why should I always wear this heavy armor?"

Then, forgetting that a good knight must always be watchful, he took off his armor and threw down his sword. Suddenly, he heard a dreadful roar. As he looked up, he saw coming toward him a great giant who carried the trunk of an oak tree for a club. The ground shook as he walked.

Before George could put on his armor, the giant rushed upon him. The poor knight tried to jump aside, but the water from the magic spring had made him so weak that he fell to the ground. Then George cried to the servant for help, but he had fled away upon his horse. With a loud laugh, the giant lifted the young knight from the ground, and carried him off to his castle.

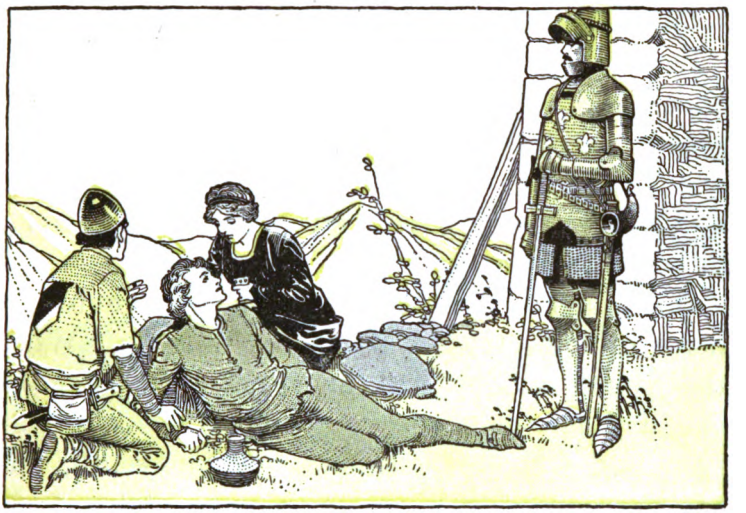
UNA BRINGS HELP TO THE YOUNG KNIGHT

For three months George was locked in a dark prison in the giant's castle. He never saw the sunlight, and his food was hardly enough to keep him alive. Every day he grew weaker, until at last he gave up all hope of gaining his freedom.

But suddenly, one day, he heard the sound of a horn outside the castle! Then there was a great crash and a terrible roar. The next moment a knight in splendid armor lifted George in his arms and carried him quickly out of the castle.

How surprised George was to find Una at the castle gate, and with her, the servant who had left him at the magic spring! For he remembered what the old man had told him about Una, and he wondered why she had come with the great knight to save him.

"It was wrong for you to leave Una alone in the wicked old man's house," said the great knight, turning to George. "He must have told you some false tale about the princess. Had you never heard of this wicked man, who is able to make even the best of friends think evil of each other?"



"Forgive me, princess," said the poor knight.

"Willingly," said Una, "for it was the old man's magic that deceived you." Then she told him how she had met her servant and had learned of the wicked giant.

"Just then," she said, "this brave prince happened to ride by, and came with me to save you. He killed the giant, and now we shall all be happy again."

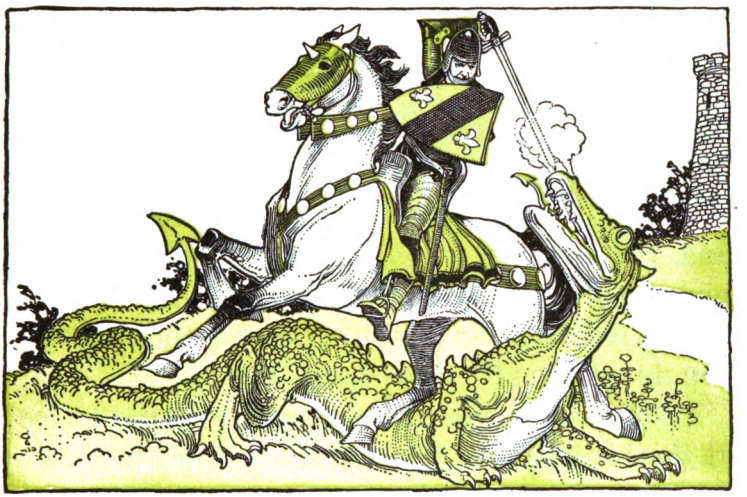
"I do not deserve your kindness, Una!" said George, as the tears rolled down his face. "If I had been watchful, the giant could not have caught me. Now I can never go back to the queen, because I forgot my promises to her!"

"Do not say that," said the kind prince. "You will go back to the queen, after you have done the work which she sent you to do. You forgot once; you will not forget again. But you must get well and strong before you can do a brave deed. Great strength will be needed to fight the dragon."

So Una and the servant took George to the home of some friends who lived near by. When the young knight was able to walk, he went one day to see a wise old man. The old man surprised George by saying, "Noble youth, you are the son of a king. You were stolen from your parents when you were a baby!"

But George could not think of kings or palaces. He thought only of the good plowman who had loved him and trusted him. "How can I ever bear to look at him again!" thought the poor young knight.

"Do not look so sad, Sir Knight," said the wise old man. "You will finish the work which was given you to do. You will yet fight a great battle and win a great victory. In the years to come, people will love and honor you for your great deeds. They will call you, not Prince George, although your father was a king, but—Saint George."



GEORGE KILLS THE DRAGON

The words that the good old man spoke, gave new strength to George, and soon he was able to start out again with Una to find the dragon. When they had gone some distance, they saw before them a great castle upon a hill.

"Look, Sir George!" said Una. "That is the castle in which my father and mother are shut up. The dragon must be somewhere near."

As she spoke, they heard a great roar, and the dragon rushed down the hill toward them. George raised his shield, and waited, sword in hand. Then there was a terrible battle which

lasted three days, but George was so watchful and fought so bravely that at last he killed the huge dragon.

George then brought Una's father and mother from the castle, telling them they need no longer be afraid. When they looked at the dead dragon and then at the young knight who had killed him, they wondered at his strength. "Thanks be to God who made you so brave and who sent you to save us!" they cried.

People came from all over the country to look at the body of the dragon. Everyone went away praising the brave boy knight.

George won many battles after his fight with the dragon, and became known all over the world for his goodness and his great deeds. Boys who heard the story of his bravery and his unselfishness, tried to be like him, and for hundreds of years men went into battle shouting his name.

People forgot that he was a prince—they forgot where he was born—but they could never forget his goodness. And the name by which they remembered him was—"Saint George."

—*Clara E. Lynch.*

## THE DAISIES

The dear little daisies,
The little white praises!
They grow and they blow
And they spread out their crown,
And they praise the sun.

And when he goes down,
Their praising is done;
And they fold up their crown
And they sleep, every one.
When over the plain
He's shining amain,
They're at it again,—
Praising and praising,
Such low songs raising
That no one hears them
But the sun who rears them.

—*George Macdonald.*

## CALLING THE VIOLET

Dear little Violet,
  Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
  From the rock's mossy shade!
All the birds call for you
  Out of the sky:
May is here waiting,
  And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
  Violet sweet?
Soft is the meadow grass
  Under your feet.
Wrapped in your hood of green,
  Violet, why
Peep from your earth-door
  So silent and shy?

Trickle the little brooks
  Close to your bed;
Softest of fleecy clouds
  Float overhead;
"Ready and waiting!"
  The slender reeds sigh:
"Ready and waiting!"
  We sing—May and I.

Come, pretty Violet,
  Winter's away;
Come, for without you
  May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
  Wings flutter and fly;—
Quick, little Violet,
  Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
  "Dear Violet, come!"
How can you stay
  In your underground home?
Up in the pine-boughs,
  For you the winds sigh,
Homesick to see you
  Are we—May and I.

Ha! though you care not
  For call or for shout,
Yon troop of sunbeams
  Are winning you out.
Now all is beautiful
  Under the sky;
May's here,—and Violets!
  Winter, good-bye!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

## BROTHER GREEN-COAT

### AUNT MOLLY'S FAIRYLAND

Little Betty and Aunt Molly were resting in the little summer-house by the pool. It was a warm day in early spring. Little white clouds were flying over the blue sky, just as if they were playing follow-my-leader.

"Look!" said Betty. "The clouds are out having a good time in the sunshine!"

The leaves on the trees were fresh and green. "They look as if they had just had their faces scrubbed by some elf in Fairyland," said Betty.

For a moment, the little girl was silent. Then, looking up, she said, "Wouldn't it be nice if there really were elves and fairies, Aunt Molly?"

"How they would enjoy this day, after the long winter! I wonder where they live in winter! I mean," she said quickly, "where they would live if there really were any."

"Are you quite sure there is no Fairyland?" asked Aunt Molly. In her eyes, there was a little twinkle, which always meant something pleasant and surprising.

"Oh, Aunt Molly!" cried the little girl, "What do you mean? Of course I know there isn't any Fairyland!"

"Some people," said Aunt Molly, "live in Fairyland, and never know it. I have a little friend who has much stranger adventures than the fairy tales tell about."

"Oh, do tell me about him!" cried Betty.

"The first time I saw him he was very, very small," said her aunt. "He was as black as soot and he had neither arms nor legs. He was nothing but a big head and a long tail.

"In a few days I saw him again. His tail was longer than before, and strange to say, he had two legs. The next time we met, he was bigger still, and had arms as well as legs, but his long tail was gone. The last time I saw him, he was more than a hundred times as big as at first, and he wasn't black at all; he was green and white."

Betty was puzzled. "Of course he isn't a fairy," she said. "Where did you see him, Aunt Molly?"

"All summer long he plays near this very summer-house," said her aunt. "You wondered a little while ago where the fairies live in winter. Well, this little friend of mine goes to a home underground, to spend the winter. He stays there till days like this come again."

"Days like this!" cried Betty. "Have you seen him today, Aunt Molly? Tell me what he is like!"

"Yes, I saw him just a moment ago. He is wearing a bright green coat, as soft as velvet, and his trousers are as white and clean as if he had never lived underground. I call him Brother Green-Coat. There! I can see him now!"

BROTHER GREEN-COAT

Betty sat up quickly and looked about her. On each side of the little summer-house, tall elms stretched out their arms. A robin was calling from one of the trees, "Cheer-up! Cheer-up! Cheer-up!" and a blue-jay answered crossly, "Ca-a-an't! Ca-a-an't! Ca-a-an't!"

"I know it isn't the robin," said Betty. "A robin hasn't a green coat, and he doesn't live underground in winter. He flies south. And it can't

be the blue-jay either. I've seen that blue-jay all winter long. Did you ever speak to Brother Green-Coat, Aunt Molly? What did you say to him, and oh! did he say anything to you?"

"The strange thing about Brother Green-Coat," said Aunt Molly, "is that he never speaks when he wears black. But when he puts on his coat of green, he talks, and even sings. I have learned a little of his strange language.

"I know that he sometimes tells me that he is happy and contented, that he likes the warm air, and that he intends to go soon for a swim in the pool. But when he tells me this, it sounds just like 'Brek-kek-kek-kek! Brek-kek-kek-kek!'"

Betty was looking out over the pool. There on a dead tree, which had fallen into the water, sat a bright-eyed little creature in a coat of green, with trousers of white. He puffed himself out until he looked as if he would burst, and called, "Brek-kek-kek-kek! Brek-kek-kek-kek!" in answer to Aunt Molly.

"You mean the frog! Brother Green-Coat is a frog!" cried Betty. "But you said you saw him once when he was as black as soot! How can that be? Frogs are always green."

"Did you never see the little black tadpoles wriggling about in the pool?" asked her aunt.

"Before Brother Green-Coat puts on his velvet suit, he is a big tadpole with arms and legs, and a long tail; and before that, he is a very tiny tadpole, all head and tail, and as black as soot."

"And has he really a home underground?" asked the little girl, eagerly.

"When winter comes, he lives in a snug home deep in the mud at the bottom of the pool. But even in the darkness he knows when spring has come. Then he leaves his winter home to welcome the bright sunlight."

"How clean he is!" said Betty, "and how bright his pretty suit is! He doesn't look as if he had spent the winter in the mud."

"I haven't told you all about him yet," said Aunt Molly. "Come with me to the dead tree by the pool. I think we may find something there that looks as Brother Green-Coat did the very first time I saw him."

Yes! There, floating on the quiet water, among last summer's dead reeds and water-grasses, was something that looked like a clear jelly, full of little black dots.

"The dots are frogs' eggs," said Aunt Molly. "From them the little tadpoles are hatched."

"All heads and tails, and black as soot, as you said your little friend was," laughed Betty.

"After a while the tadpole has legs; then his arms push through the skin. By and by his tail is gone, and he is Brother Green-Coat," said Aunt Molly.

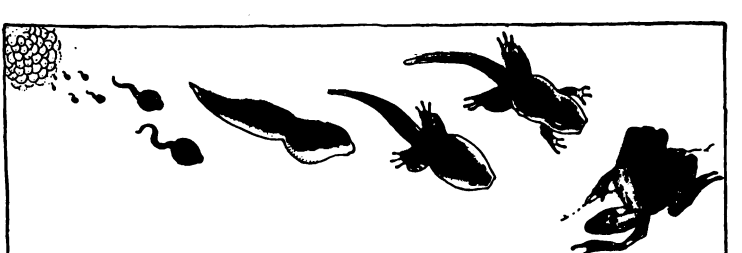
"Sitting on a log and calling 'Brek-kek-kek-kek!' he tells us how happy he is," said Betty.

"Yes, and he lives on land or in water, just as he chooses," said her aunt.

"No wonder his green coat is so bright, and his white trousers are so clean," said Betty. "He washes them whenever he goes for a swim. There! he has jumped into the pool. What long, strong legs he has!"

"Good-bye, Brother Green-Coat!" she called, as she and her aunt turned to go home. "You are just as wonderful as anything in Fairyland! I know what you mean now, Aunt Molly," she said, suddenly. "There *is* a Fairyland after all, and I never knew it before!"

—*Sarah A. Haste.*



## THE SCARECROW

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could beat the Robins," said he,
"If somebody would only show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and with bristling head,
And up in the trees I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow, tattered and torn—
Oh! 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
All the birds flew screaming away in a fright.

The Robins, who watched him every day,
  Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright!
Surveying the monster began to say,
  "Why should this monster our prospects blight?

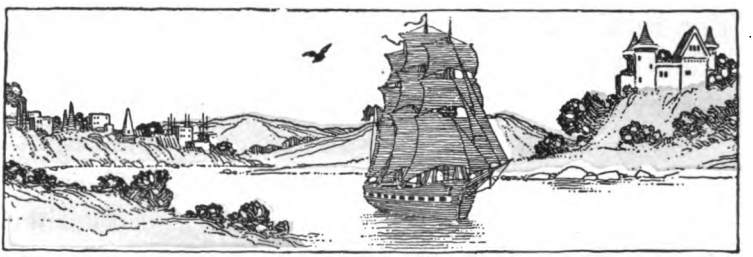
"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
  He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
  For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew and the sauciest pair
  'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
  And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
  In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please.
That half concealed on his ragged breast
  Made a charming covert of safety and ease.

By the time the cherries were ruby red,
  A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed,
  'Twas so convenient! They ran no risk!

—*Celia Thaxter.*



## THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

Ship: The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

Bird: The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

Ship: And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all.

Bird: I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall, too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## BIRDS IN SPRING

Listen! What a sudden rustle
Fills the air!
All the birds are in a bustle
Everywhere.
Such a ceaseless croon and twitter
Overhead!
Such a flash of wings that glitter
Wide outspread!

From the marshy brook that's smoking
In the fog,
I can catch the crool and croaking
Of a frog.
Up and down the midges dancing
On the grass:
How their gauzy wings are glancing
As they pass!

What does all this haste and hurry
Mean, I pray?
All this out-door flush and flurry
Seen today?
This presaging stir and humming,
Thrill and call?
Mean? It means that spring is coming;
That is all!

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

## WHAT KEPT THE CHIMNEY WAITING

A new chimney was about to be built on grandfather's house, and the boys were in high glee over it. They were always excited when something was going on; and this would be splendid, Walter said.

"Mike's coming to mix the mortar and carry it up the ladder to the bricklayer," said Frank. "He'll tell us stories at noontimes!"

"Yes," said Walter; "and I say, Frank, let's get his hod and play we're hodcarriers, with mud for mortar. Come on!"

"Come on!" shouted Frank. "It's leaning up against the barn where he left it when he brought the things over."

On the way to the barn they saw grandfather, harnessing Old Molly to the big blue cart. That meant a fine jolty ride down to the orchard, and the boys forgot all about playing hodcarrier, as they climbed in and jolted away.

"Mike's coming tomorrow, grandfather, and the bricklayer, too," said Walter.

But grandfather shook his white head. "Not tomorrow, boys; you will have to wait a little longer. I sent word to the bricklayer and to

Mike last night, not to come for a few weeks yet. I have decided to put off building the new chimney."

Disappointment showed plainly in the little brown faces of the boys. What could it mean?

Grandfather did not speak again at once, for at that moment he saw a little crippled butterfly, which lay fluttering in the wheel track. Carefully he turned Old Molly, and drove to the side of the road, until the cart had passed the butterfly. For grandfather's big heart was so kind that it had room enough in it for every living creature.

Then he turned to the boys and said, "When we get home I will show you why we ought to wait for the new chimney. You will agree with me, I know. It is a case of necessity. A little bird told me." And grandfather's eyes twinkled under his gray brows.

That was all the boys found out until they reached home. Then the same little bird told them, too. For, without explaining the reason, grandfather took the boys up to the attic.

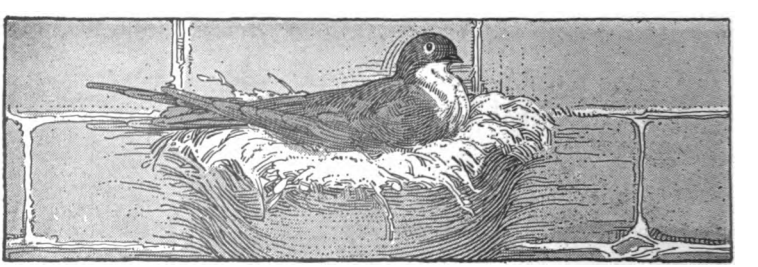
The old chimney had been partly torn down, half-way to the attic floor. Grandfather tiptoed up to it, and lifted the boys, one at a time, so that they could see what was inside.

"Sh!" he whispered in a soft voice. "What do you see?"

There, on a little nest of mud, lined with thistledown and straws, sat a little bird! She blinked her bright eyes at the kind faces looking down, as if to say, "I am not afraid of you! Isn't this a beautiful nest? It is so quiet and safe! There are four speckly, freckly eggs under me. When I have hatched them, and brought up my family in the way little chimney-swallows should go, then you may build your chimney, but not before."

And that was why grandfather's new chimney had to wait.

—*Annie H. Donnell.*



## NEST EGGS

Birds all the sunny day
  Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbor-like
  Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
  The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
  The mother keeps heated.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
  Chip, and upspringing,
Make all the April woods
  Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
  O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
  Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,
  Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
  Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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## ROBIN REDBREAST

Good-bye, good-bye to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown
And ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

—*William Allingham.*

## THE SHELL

I found a shell upon the shore,
I held it to my ear;
I listened gladly, while it sang
A sea song, sweet and clear.

And that a little shell could sing,
At first seemed strange to me,
Until I thought that it had learned
The music of the sea.

I could but wish the song had words,
For then my little shell
The secrets of the deep blue sea,
To me would surely tell.

For I had wondered many times
What 'twas the water said,
When it came rushing to the shore
In waves high as my head.

But never would the little shell
Tell anything to me;
Although it sang, it still would keep
The secrets of the sea.

—*Rebecca B. Foresman.*

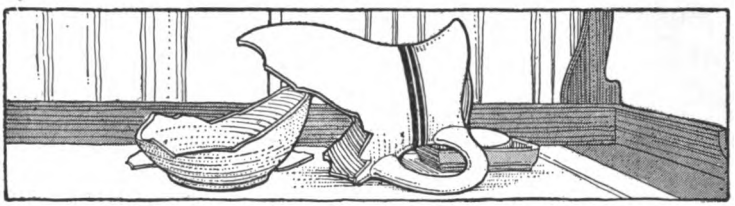
## THE RAINDROPS' RIDE

Some little drops of water
  Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
  Once happened to agree.

A white cloud was their carriage;
  Their horse, a playful breeze;
And over town and country
  They rode along at ease.

But, oh! there were so many,
  At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
  Those frightened little folk.

Among the grass and flowers
  They then were forced to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
  And carried them all home.



## WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER

CARELESS KATRINA

It was a winter night—still, bright, and cold. The wagon wheels creaked loudly as they ground into the crisp snow. Even the great moon looked frosty and cold.

Katrina stood by the sitting-room window, looking out. "It is going to be a freezing night," said her father, stirring the fire. "It is growing colder every minute."

"Is it?" said her mother. "Then, Katrina, you must run upstairs and empty the china pitcher in the spare room."

"All right, mother," said the little girl. But she was so much interested in looking out at the moonlight, that she did not move a step. Her mother was rocking the baby to sleep and she did not say anything more just then.

Fifteen minutes went by. Then the baby had gone to Slumberland, and mother spoke again.

"Come, Katrina, go upstairs and empty the pitcher. It was grandmother's Christmas present, and we should not like to have it broken."

"Yes, mother, I will go in a minute."

"Well, dear, be sure to remember," said her mother, as she went off to put the baby into her crib. At that moment, in came Jamie with a pair of shining new skates, and as soon as Katrina saw them, she forgot all about the pitcher.

Just outside the window stood Jack Frost, listening and watching. When he heard Katrina say, "I will go in a minute," he chuckled and snapped his icy fingers.

"That little girl will never empty the pitcher," he said to himself; "she's one of the careless kind. Oh, I know all about careless children. Let me see,—the spare room,—that's for company. I'll spend the night in it! I wonder where it is. I will hunt it up."

Jack Frost knew better than to try to get into the cozy sitting room, where the bright fire was gleaming. So he slipped softly around the house, and peeped in through the kitchen window. Inside, was a stove glowing with red-hot coals.

"That is no place for me," he said, shaking his head. "The heat in there would kill me in a minute; I must look farther."

So Jack Frost went on, peeping in one window after another, until at last he saw a room that had no fire in it. "Ah!" he whispered, "this must be the place. Yes! that is the very pitcher for me to break; and here is a fine crack for me to go through!" So in he went.

### JACK FROST'S MISCHIEF

"What a pretty room this is!" said Jack Frost. "It does seem a pity, though, to spoil such a handsome pitcher; but, then, Katrina should not have left the water in it."

Very noiselessly Jack Frost crept along, chilling everything he touched. Soon he reached the washstand. Up the stand he went, nearer and nearer to the pitcher, until he could look down into it. "Not much water," he whispered as he spread his icy fingers over it. "But I can make it do."

The water in the pitcher shivered and drew back, but the icy fingers pressed harder than ever upon it. "Oh!" cried the water, "I am so cold!" Very soon it cried out, "If you don't go away, Jack Frost, I shall certainly freeze!"

"Good!" laughed Jack Frost. "That is just what I want you to do." Then all at once the air was filled with many little voices, which seemed

to come from the pitcher—sharp and clear, like tinkling sleighbells in Fairyland.

"Hurrah!" they cried. "Jack Frost is making us into beautiful crystals. Oh, won't it be jolly, jolly!"

At that very moment, Jack Frost pushed his fingers straight down into the water, and the water began to freeze. Then such a wonderful thing happened! The drops began to push and crowd against each other! Soon they pushed so hard against the sides of the pitcher, that he cried out, "Drops, please stop pushing me! I am afraid that I shall break."

"We can't stop!" said the drops. "We are freezing, and we must have more room." And they kept on pushing against the sides of the poor pitcher harder then ever.

Again the pitcher groaned and called out, "Don't! Don't! I can't stand it!" But his words had no effect. The drops kept on repeating, "We must have more room! We must have more room!" And they pushed so hard that at last, with a loud cry, the poor pitcher cracked, and broke into several pieces.

When Jack Frost saw that there was nothing more for him to break, he stole softly away through the crack in the window. Just outside

was old North Wind, whistling and rattling the front door. Jack Frost told him about the broken pitcher, and away they went together, laughing at the joke that had been played upon careless little Katrina.

All this time, Katrina lay dreaming in her snug little bed upstairs. She dreamed that grandmother's pitcher was dancing gayly on the counterpane, and that it was gliding far away on brother Jamie's new skates.

*—Mary Howliston—Adapted.*

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## THE BROOKLET

See the brooklets flowing,
  Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
  Bountiful and free!

Yet to help their giving,
  Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
  Feed them from the skies.

*—Adelaide A. Procter.*

## SIGNS OF THE SEASONS

What does it mean when the bluebird flies
Over the hills, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep through the blades of grass?
These are the signs that spring is here.

What does it mean when berries are ripe?
When butterflies flit, and honey bees hum?
When cattle stand under the shady trees?
These are the signs that summer has come.

What does it mean when crickets chirp?
And away to the Southland the wild geese steer?
When apples are falling, and nuts are brown?
These are the signs that autumn is here.

What does it mean when the days are short?
When the leaves are gone and the brooks are dumb?
When the fields are white with the drifting snow?
These are the signs that winter has come.

The old stars set and the new ones rise,
And skies that were stormy grow bright and clear,
And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
Go round and round with the changing year.

—*M. E. N. Hathaway.*

## MOTHER SPIDER

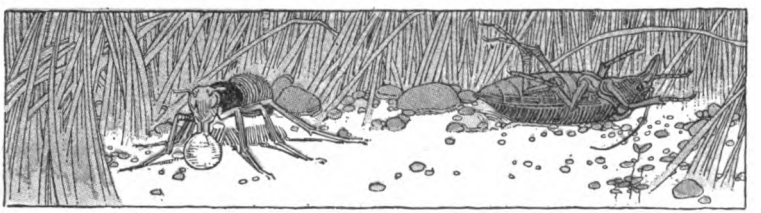
It was a beautiful day in mid-summer. The meadow was alive with busy little people moving about in the bright sunlight. A long line of ants came crawling down the path, carrying food to their home under the elm tree. Hopping along through the grass, came an old toad, blinking in the warm sun.

Just a little higher up, the bees were buzzing as they flew from flower to flower. And above them all, in the clear blue sky, a robin was calling to his mate.

After a while, Mother Spider came hurrying down the path. Straight ahead she went, looking neither to the right nor to the left. In her mouth she held a little white bag.

Just then a big black beetle came rushing down the path. As Mother Spider was going in front of Mr. Toad, the beetle bumped against her and knocked the bag out of her mouth.

In an instant Mother Spider pounced angrily upon him. Though she was much smaller than the beetle, she tumbled him over upon his back. Then Mother Spider quickly took up her bag and hurried away through the grass.



"Well, I never!" said Grasshopper Green, who was playing see-saw on a blade of grass.

"No, nor I," grumbled Mr. Beetle, as he wriggled back to his feet. "I didn't want her bag She needn't have made such a fuss just because I happened to stumble against her."

"She must have something very fine in that bag," said Grasshopper Green. "She was so frightened when she dropped it! I wonder what it was." And he balanced himself on his grass blade until a stray breeze blew him off.

Not long after this, Grasshopper Green started out for a little exercise before breakfast. Just as he reached the edge of the brook, he saw Mother Spider coming slowly toward him. She no longer carried the little white bag, but he could see that she had something on her back.

"Good morning, neighbor," called Grasshopper Green. "Can I help you carry your things?"

"Thank you very much," she said, "but they would fall off when you give your great jumps."

"They!" cried Grasshopper Green in great surprise. And then, as he came nearer, he saw that the things on Mother Spider's back were wee baby spiders.

"Aren't they beautiful children?" the proud mother asked. "I was so afraid that something would happen to my eggs, that I never let go of the bag they were in, except once, when that stupid Mr. Beetle knocked it out of my mouth."

"Oho," said Grasshopper Green, "so that was what frightened you, was it? That bag was full of eggs! And now you are carrying all those children on your back. Doesn't it tire you?"

"I don't mind the weight," said Mother Spider, "if only the children are well and safe. In a little while, you know, they will be able to run about by themselves. Then we shall be very happy here in the meadow grass. Oh, a family like this is well worth the trouble, neighbor."

"Yes," said Grasshopper Green, "I have a dozen wee boys of my own at home. And that reminds me that it is time to go home to breakfast! Goodbye, Neighbor Spider."

So home he went. And happy Mother Spider kept on her way to find a breakfast for the babies she loved so well.

—*Frances Bliss Gillespy.*

## FAIRY DAYS

Beside the old hall fire
  Upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days
  What tales were told to me!
And many a quiet night,
  In slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people
  Would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams
  Come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts
  The new-born babe they bless'd;
One has brought a jewel
  And one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse
  But she is wrinkled and old.

The babe has grown to be
  The fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green
  A hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white
  A golden robe and crown;
I've seen her in my dreams
  Riding up and down:

And heard the ogre laugh
  As she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature
  Who wept and tore her hair:
But ever when it seemed
  Her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail
  Comes prancing through the forest.

I see him in my dreams
  His blade gives stroke on stroke
The giant pants and reels
  And tumbles like an oak!
With what a blushing grace
  He falls upon his knee
And takes the lady's hand
  And whispers, "You are free."

Ah! happy childish tales
  Of knight and faërie!
I waken from my dreams
  But there's ne'er a knight for me;
I waken from my dreams
  And wish that I could be
A child by the old hall fire
  Upon my nurse's knee!

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

### THE WICKED FAIRY

Once upon a time there lived a king and a queen who for many years were very sad, because they had no child. At last a little daughter came to them, and the king was so happy, that he gave a great feast in the palace, and invited all his friends.

Now in his kingdom there were thirteen fairies. Of course the king wished to invite all of these fairies to the feast, so that each might give his dear child a fairy gift.

"How can you invite them all?" asked the queen. "We have only twelve golden plates. One of the fairies must stay at home."

So twelve of the fairies were invited, and a wonderful feast was given at the palace. When it came to an end, the fairies gave their magic gifts to the baby. One said to the child, "You shall be good." Another said, "You shall be wise." A third gave her beauty, and a fourth riches; and so on with everything in the world that one could wish for.

When eleven of the fairies had named their gifts, and just as the twelfth was about to speak.

in walked the thirteenth fairy. She was very angry because she had not been invited to the feast. Without even looking at anyone, she cried with a loud voice, "When the princess is fifteen years of age, she shall prick herself with a spindle, and shall fall dead!"

Everyone was frightened at this; but the twelfth fairy had not yet told what her gift would be. As soon as the wicked fairy had finished speaking, she came forward and said, "The king's daughter shall not die. A deep sleep will fall upon her, but she will awake at the end of a hundred years."

From that time on, the king and the queen were very sad. "How can I keep my dear child from this sad fate?" the king asked him-

self over and over. One day the thought came to him, "Surely my daughter cannot touch a spindle if she never sees one." So he gave orders that every spindle in the whole kingdom should be burned.

As time passed, the fairy gifts came to the young princess. She became good and gentle and wise and beautiful. Everyone who saw her loved her.

On the day when she became fifteen years old, it happened that the king and the queen were suddenly called away from home by a matter of great importance. The maiden was left in the palace quite alone, so she went about, looking into all sorts of places, room after room, just as she liked.

At last she came to an old tower. Up the narrow, winding staircase she climbed until she reached a little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and when she turned it, the door sprang open. There in a little room, sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning flax.

"Good morning!" said the princess, entering the room. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman. She did not stop her work, but she nodded her head to the beautiful young girl.

"What sort of thing is this, that spins around so merrily?" asked the princess, as she took the spindle in her hand and tried to spin.

But hardly had she given the wheel a single turn, when the words of the fairy came true. For the beautiful princess pricked her finger upon the spindle, and at that very moment sank back upon a bed that stood near, and lay in a deep sleep.

And this sleep fell upon all in the palace. The king and the queen, who had just come home, fell asleep, just as the princess had done. All the court fell into the same deep sleep. The horses went to sleep in the stables, the pigeons upon the roof of the palace, and the flies upon the wall.

Even the fire that was flaming on the hearth became quiet and slept. The meat stopped roasting. The cook, who was just about to scold the kitchen boy because he had forgotten something, suddenly fell asleep. At the same moment, the wind became still, and on the great trees in front of the castle not a leaf moved again.

Then round about the castle there began to grow a hedge of thorns, which became higher every year. At last nothing could be seen of the castle, not even the flag on the tower.

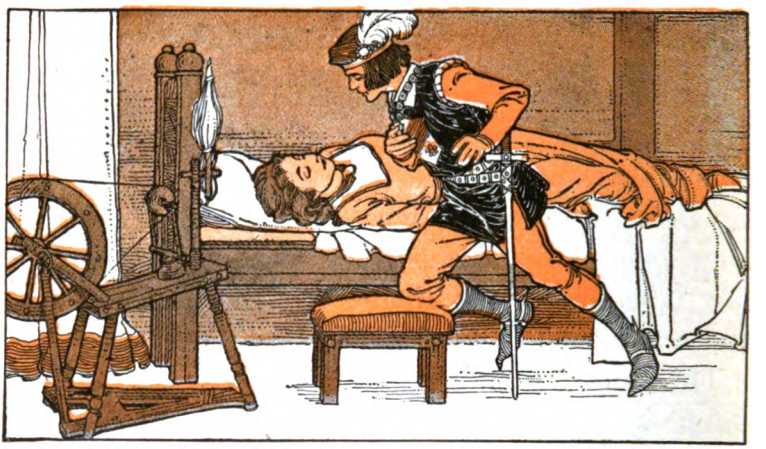
THE YOUNG PRINCE

A hundred years went by. Then it happened that a young prince came to that country and heard the story of the enchanted castle. When he heard how the poor princess and all the household slept under the spell of the angry fairy, he cried, "I will find this Sleeping Beauty and wake her!"

The next day he set out for the castle. But when he came to the place where the thorn-hedge had been, he found nothing but flowers, which parted and let him pass through.

In the castle-yard he saw the horses lying asleep. On the roof sat the pigeons with their heads under their wings. When he entered the house, the flies were asleep upon the wall. The cook in the kitchen was still pointing her finger at the forgetful boy. Inside the castle, the king and the queen slept upon their thrones. The lords and ladies of their court sat about them, slumbering peacefully.

The prince went on from room to room, and at last came to the tower where the princess was sleeping. So beautiful did she look, that he stooped and kissed her. At his touch the princess opened her eyes and smiled at him.



Together they went down, and awoke the king and the queen. Then the whole court awoke and looked at each other in great surprise.

The horses in the court-yard stood up and shook themselves. The pigeons on the roof raised their heads from under their wings, looked around, and flew into the country. The flies on the wall buzzed and crept. The fire in the kitchen roasted the meat, and the cook shook her finger and scolded the forgetful boy.

Then the prince married the princess, with feasting and rejoicing, and they lived happily ever after.

—*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

# CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

## CINDERELLA'S SELFISH SISTERS

Once upon a time there was a proud, selfish woman who had three daughters. The two older of these girls were proud and selfish, too, but the other daughter was kind and good.

Now this unkind woman loved her two selfish daughters greatly, because they were so much like herself, but she had no love in her heart for the youngest daughter. It always made her very angry to hear the neighbors praise the kind and gentle manners of the youngest girl.

So the mother gave her the hardest work in the house to do; she had to scour the dishes and the tables, and to scrub the floors and clean the bedrooms. She had to sleep in the attic upon a hard straw bed, while her two sisters had fine rooms with the very softest beds. They had looking-glasses, too, so large that they could see themselves at full length.

The poor girl bore her hard life patiently. She did not complain to her father, because she knew that he would scold her if she said anything against her mother. For the selfish woman

made him believe that she was right in all things.

When the tired girl had finished her work, she often went into the chimney corner, and sat down there among the cinders. Because of this habit, she came to be called Cinderwench. The younger of the two favorite sisters, who was not quite so rude as the elder, called her Cinderella.

Cinderella, in spite of the poor clothes she had to wear, was a hundred times more beautiful than either of her sisters. Even her mother knew this, and the thought of it made her more angry than ever.

It happened one time that the king's son gave a ball. Cinderella's two sisters were invited to it, and of course they were very much pleased at the honor. For the next few days they were wonderfully busy in choosing the gowns which they were to wear.

This made Cinderella's lot still harder, for it was she who ironed her sisters' linen. All day long they talked of nothing but how they should be dressed.

"For my part," said the elder, "I shall wear my red velvet suit with pearl trimmings."

"And I," said the younger, "shall wear my pink satin dress. I shall put on my gold-flowered cloak, too, and wear all my diamonds." They sent for the best dressmakers they could get, for they wanted to look as beautiful as possible. Cinderella helped them to get ready, for she was always kind, even to her selfish sisters. She told them what was best to wear, and even offered to dress their hair herself, which they were very willing to have her do.

As she was doing this, they said to her, "Cinderella, would you be glad to go to the ball?"

"Oh, sisters!" she answered, "you only laugh at me; it is not for such as I am to go there."

"You are right," they said; "people would laugh to see a Cinderwench at a ball."

At last the happy evening came. Cinderella watched her two sisters as they drove off to the palace. She could not keep the tears from coming into her eyes, at the thought that she could not go with them.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

Now Cinderella had a godmother, who was a fairy. When she saw the young girl in tears, she asked her what was the matter.

"I wish I could—I wish I could—" but Cinderella was sobbing so hard that she could not tell what her troubles were.

But as her godmother was a fairy, of course she could guess what was in the maiden's mind. So she said kindly to her. "You wish you could go to the ball; is it not so?"

"Alas, yes," said Cinderella, sighing.

"Well," said her godmother, "be a good girl, and I will see that you go. Run out into the garden and bring me the largest pumpkin that you can find there."

Cinderella went at once to gather the finest pumpkin that she could get, and brought it to her godmother. But she could not think how this pumpkin could help her to go to the ball. She was still more puzzled when she saw her godmother scoop out all the inside of it, leaving nothing but the rind. Then the fairy struck it with her wand, and instantly the pumpkin was turned into the most wonderful coach that Cinderella had ever seen in all her life.

"How shall we get horses for such a great coach as this, godmother?" asked Cinderella.

"In one corner of the kitchen," said the fairy, "you will find a mouse-trap; bring it to me."

Cinderella went to look for the mouse-trap and when she found it, she saw in it six mice, all alive. Wondering what her godmother meant by her strange request, Cinderella brought the trap to the fairy.

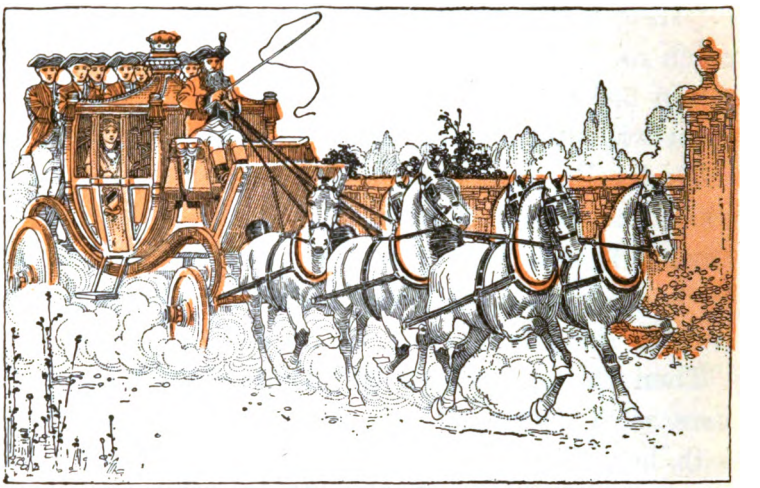
Then the godmother lifted the trap-door, and gave each mouse, as it went out, a little tap with her wand. At the touch, each mouse was turned into a beautiful horse. The six mice made a fine set of six large white horses.

"We have no coachman," Cinderella said. "I will see if there is not a rat in the rat-trap—you may make a coachman of him."

"You are right," replied her godmother. "Bring the trap to me."

So Cinderella brought the rat-trap to her, and in it there were three large rats. The fairy chose the one which had the longest beard, and touched him with her wand. At that moment he was turned into a fat coachman.

After that, the fairy godmother said, "Go into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot; bring them to me."



The happy girl had no sooner done so, than her godmother turned them into six footmen. They jumped upon the back of the coach and held on as if they had done nothing else all their lives.

The fairy then said to Cinderella, "Well, you see here a coach fit to go to the ball in; are you not pleased with it?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Cinderella; "but shall I go as I am, in these rags?"

Then her godmother touched her with the wand, and at that very moment, her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all shining with jewels. On her feet were a pair of very

wonderful glass slippers. Cinderella climbed into the beautiful coach, and sat down. Never in her life had she been so happy!

"Now above all things," said her godmother, "do not stay after midnight. For if you stay one moment after the clock strikes twelve, the coach will be turned to a pumpkin again, the horses will be turned to mice, the coachman will become a rat, the footmen will all be lizards, and your pretty clothes will become rags."

### CINDERELLA AT THE BALL

Cinderella promised her godmother that she would surely leave the ball before midnight. Then, full of joy, she drove away to the palace.

When she got there, the king's son was told that a great princess, whom nobody knew, had come to the ball. He ran out to greet her and gave her his hand, as she stepped from the coach. Then he led her into the great ball-room.

At once all was still, and everyone stopped dancing. Nothing was heard but a murmur of voices saying, "Ah! how beautiful she is! Ah! how beautiful she is!" The king himself could not keep his eyes off her, and the queen said that it was a long time since she had seen so lovely a girl.

All the ladies at the ball began to look carefully at the clothes of the unknown princess, so that they might have some made the next day just like them. But they said, "How can we find such wonderful cloth of gold and silver, and where can we get anyone able to make them in such a beautiful fashion?"

The king's son led Cinderella to the seat of honor, and afterwards took her out to dance with him. So gracefully did she dance, that everyone admired her more and more.

When the great supper was served, the young prince could not eat. He did nothing but bring dainty food to Cinderella, and sit looking at her beautiful face.

She sat down beside her sisters, and was very kind to them, giving them part of the oranges and citrons which the prince had brought her. This kindness surprised and pleased them very greatly, for they did not know who she was, and they thought it a great honor to be noticed by the beautiful princess.

Suddenly Cinderella heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve. Quickly she got up and hastened away as fast as she could go.

As soon as she reached home, she ran to find her godmother, so that she might thank her.

"Oh, how I wish I might go to the ball tomorrow!" said the young girl. "The king's son has asked me to come."

As she was telling her godmother all that had happened, her two sisters entered the room. "How long you have stayed!" said Cinderella, yawning, rubbing her eyes, and stretching herself as if she had just awakened.

"If you had been at the ball," said one of the sisters, "you would not be tired. The finest princess, the most beautiful that ever was seen, came there. She was very kind to us, and gave us oranges and citrons which the prince himself had given her. It was a great honor."

Cinderella asked them the name of the princess, but they could not tell her. "The king's son does not know it, either," they said. "He would give all the world to know who she is."

At this, Cinderella smiled and asked, "Was she, then, so very beautiful? How lucky you have been! Could I not see her? Ah! dear Charlotte, do lend me your yellow dress, which you wear every day! Then I could go to the ball tomorrow and see the strange princess."

"No, indeed," cried Charlotte. "Lend my clothes to a Cinderwench like you! I should be out of my mind to do so."

THE GLASS SLIPPER

The next night, the two sisters went to the ball, and so did Cinderella, dressed even more splendidly than before. The king's son was always by her side, which pleased her so much that she quite forgot her godmother's orders. She heard the clock begin to strike twelve, when she thought that it could not be later than eleven.

Then Cinderella ran quickly from the ballroom. The prince ran after her, but he could not overtake her. As she ran, one of her glass slippers fell off, and the prince took it up carefully.

She had to run all the way home, for at the stroke of twelve the coach turned back again to a pumpkin, just as the fairy had said it would do. She had nothing left of all her fine clothes except one of the little glass slippers.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them if the princess had been there. They told her, yes; but that she hurried away when the clock struck twelve, and dropped one of her little glass slippers. "And the king's son picked it up," they said. "All through the evening, the prince did nothing but look at the beautiful face of the princess."

A few days afterward, the prince sent out heralds, who called loudly, "The king's son will marry the maiden whose foot the little glass slipper will fit exactly!"

Then the heralds tried the wonderful slipper on all the princesses and all the ladies of the court; but it was too small for them. It was brought to the two sisters, who did all they could to put it on, but it was too small for them, too. Then Cinderella said, "Let me try it on."

Her sisters laughed and began to make fun of her, but the herald looked earnestly at the young girl, for he saw that she was very beautiful. "Try it on, maiden," he said. "I have orders that every lady is to try on the slipper."

So Cinderella sat down and put the slipper on her foot. It went on easily, for it fitted her as if it had been made of wax. The surprise of her two sisters was great, but it was still greater when Cinderella brought out the mate to the slipper, and put it on her other foot.

Then in came her fairy godmother. She touched Cinderella's clothes with her wand and made them even more splendid than those she had worn to the ball.

And now her two sisters saw that she was the beautiful lady they had seen at the palace. Throwing themselves at her feet, they begged pardon for all their unkind treatment of her. Cinderella lifted them up, and put her arms around them. With all her heart, she forgave them and begged them to love her always.

Then the herald led her to the young prince, and he thought her more charming than ever. A few days later, the king's son and the beautiful maiden were married. Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, gave her two sisters a home in the palace, where they lived very happily.

*—Charles Perrault—Adapted.*

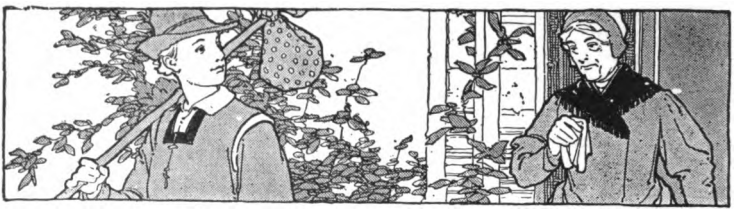
## FAIRYLAND

The woods are just behind our house,
  And every afternoon at four
I go to pick the lovely flowers
  That grow right up beside the door;
Nurse says that just old weeds are there—
I call them garlands for Queens' hair.

Sometimes, a queer noise in our woods
  Will frighten me when no one's by;
And if I hear it after dark
  I run away to hide and cry.
Nurse says it's just the cows I hear—
I think it's Giants creeping near.

The woods stretch westward far away,
  The trees are very tall and green;
They grow on little dimpled hills,
  With grassy hollows in between.
Nurse says our woods aren't very grand—
I think that they are *FAIRYLAND.*

*—Gwendolen Haste.*



## HANS AND THE FOUR GREAT GIANTS

### HANS GOES OUT INTO THE WORLD

Once upon a time there lived a little boy whose name was Hans. His home was in a village where the trees shaded the green grass that grew around the houses.

Hans loved his home very much. He loved to hear the birds sing and to watch them fly high in the air, and he often threw crumbs upon the ground for them to eat.

He loved the bright flowers which grew in the garden, and he gladly watered them when they looked thirsty. His mother taught him how to place strong straight sticks beside the weak vines, so that they could climb up and get the sunlight.

Hans was a happy little fellow, who was always busy doing something for somebody. When he became a tall, strong lad, he often went with his father into the forest to chop wood.

One day, when Hans had grown to be a young man, his father said to him, "Hans, my boy, it is time for you to start out to find some work for yourself. Your next younger brother can help me with the wood chopping. You must go out into the world and learn how to take care of yourself."

So Hans' mother packed his clothes in a little bundle, and as she kissed him good-bye said, "Hans, my dear son, always be brave and true." Then he started on his journey.

Hans walked a long way until he came to a great city. Here he soon found work in the shop of a blacksmith. Every time he struck a blow with his heavy hammer, great sparks flew from the red-hot iron, and this pleased the boy very much. When at last he could shape the hard iron into a fine horseshoe, he was filled with pride. This work made his arms grow strong and his chest broad.

Every day Hans saw a beautiful princess drive past the blacksmith's shop. She was the most beautiful princess in the world. Everyone praised her wonderful blue eyes and her golden hair. But most of all, her sweet smile made everyone love her. Hans often said to himself, "How I wish I could serve this lovely young princess!"

At last one day he went to the palace gate, and asked the gate-keeper if there was not some work for him to do in the palace.

"What can you do?" asked the gate-keeper.

"I am willing to do any kind of work which the king may need to have done," answered Hans.

Then the gate-keeper sent him to the keeper of the king's palace, who asked him the same question, "What can you do?"

"I am willing to do any kind of work which the king may need to have done," again replied Hans.

So the keeper of the palace told the king that there was a tall young man waiting outside, who wanted to serve him.

"Bring him to me," said the king.

When Hans came before the throne, the king said, "What can you do, young man?" And again Hans replied, "I am willing to do anything that you may need to have done. Most of all, I should like to serve the beautiful princess."

"You would, would you?" cried the king. "Now I will test you. In the bottom of the North Sea there lies a string of enchanted pearls. If you will get those pearls and bring them to me, you shall serve the princess. In time I may make you governor over one of my provinces; who knows?" And the king laughed to himself.

Hans was so delighted at the thought that sometime he might serve the beautiful princess, that he turned and hastened out of the palace. The very next day he started on his journey to the North Sea. He walked and walked a long way until he was very tired. At length he saw a great giant rushing along toward him in the strangest manner.

"Good morning!" said Hans. "What a large giant you are!"

"Yes," replied the giant, looking down at Hans, "I need to be both large and strong. Where are you going, young man?"

"I am going to the North Sea," Hans answered, "to get a string of pearls which lies at the bottom of the sea."

"Ah!" said the great giant, "it will take you a long time to get there. Now if you could walk as fast as I can, it would be an easy matter."

"How fast can you walk?" asked Hans.

"I can walk faster than the swiftest greyhound can run," answered the giant.

"Is that so!" exclaimed Hans. "I wish you would come along with me. After I find the string of pearls, I want to get back to the king's

palace as soon as possible. For if I find the necklace, I am to serve the beautiful princess."

"If that is the case," said the giant, "I think I will go along with you."

So the two walked along together, until they saw what Hans thought was a huge round stone ahead of them. However, when they came to it, he saw that it was another giant lying asleep by the road-side. "Stay here," said Hans to his companion, "until I cut some branches from a tree to shade that poor fellow's face. The sun is so hot that it will hurt his eyes."

At these words the tall giant laughed aloud. "Ho, ho, ho!" he cried. "Don't you know who that is? That is a neighbor of mine. He has the strongest eyes in the world. He can see a fly on a leaf of a tree a mile away."

The loud laugh awoke the sleeping giant, and he opened his great eyes and stared in surprise, at Hans. "What are you doing with those branches, young man?" he growled.

"Oh, nothing," said Hans. "I was only sticking them into the ground, so that they might keep the sun out of your eyes."

"Bah!" cried the great giant, sitting up. "Don't you know that my eyes are so strong that I can look the noonday sun straight in the face?"

"Indeed! indeed!" said Hans. "What a wonderful giant you must be. I wish you would come with me. I need your strong eyes, for I am on my way to the North Sea, to search for a necklace of pearls which lies at the bottom of the sea."

"Oho!" said the giant, "if that's the case, I think I will go with you."

So Hans and the two great giants walked on together. They had not gone more than three or four miles, when Hans saw another giant sitting under a tall tree. As they came up to him, the wind blew his hat off his head, and carried it far away.

"I will fetch it for you," cried Hans, as he ran after the hat. But before he could get to the spot where the hat lay, the giant reached out his long arm, picked up his hat, and put it on his head. At this, all three of the great giants broke into a hearty laugh.

"Young man, didn't you know that this was the giant who can reach five hundred yards?" asked the long-legged giant.

"No!" exclaimed Hans, dancing with delight "You are just the giant I need. When I get to the North Sea, you can reach down to the bottom and pick up the necklace of pearls, which I seek. Will you not come along and help me?"

The long-armed giant thought for a moment or two and then said, "Oh, yes; I will go along if I can be of any use to you."

So Hans and the three great giants started gayly on their journey to the North Sea. They had not gone far before Hans saw in the distance still another giant, leaning up against a very large rock. He seemed to be thinking so hard that he did not see Hans and his companions until they came near to where he stood.

Hans noticed that both of this giant's ears were filled with cotton. "Have you the earache?" asked the boy. "Perhaps I can do something to help you."

"Oh, no," said the giant, "I always stuff cotton into my ears, to shut off some of the sounds about me. I can hear so well that I can tell what men are saying far away,—even if they are a hundred miles from me."

"What a wonderful giant you must be!" exclaimed Hans. "Will you not come with me? I am hunting for a necklace of pearls which lies at the bottom of the North Sea. When I get it, you can tell me whether the king is at his palace, so that I can give it to him."

"You think you will need me, do you?" said the good-natured giant. "Well, I'll go along."

HANS WINS THE PRINCESS

So Hans and the four great giants walked along until they came to the North Sea. Then they got into a boat and rowed out to the deep water. The giant who could see so far, soon found the place where the necklace lay at the bottom of the sea. Then the giant whose arms were so long, reached down and picked up the necklace, and laid it in the boat.

Hans and the giants now rowed back to the shore. As soon as they had landed, the giant who could hear so well, took the cotton out of his right ear and listened to what was being said at the king's palace. He heard the people in the palace talking of a splendid festival, which was to take place the next night, in honor of the birthday of the beautiful princess.

He then told Hans what he had heard. At once the giant who could run so fast, stooped down and let Hans climb up and seat himself upon his great

shoulders. Away the two sped, faster than a bird could fly! They reached the palace in time for Hans to give the necklace of pearls to the king, just as he was about to seat his beautiful daughter upon a throne beside his own.

So greatly was the king pleased with the necklace, that he at once gave orders that Hans should serve the beautiful princess. And so faithfully did Hans serve her, that she learned to love him dearly, and in time they were married. When the old king died, Hans was made king, and the beautiful princess became queen.

You may be sure that Hans took good care of his old father and mother. Both he and his queen did everything they could to make all the people in their kingdom happy.

One of the first things that Hans did, when he became king, was to ask his four friends, the giants, to come and live in his kingdom. With their help, it became the richest country on the face of the earth. And travelers came from all over the world to visit it.

—*Elizabeth Harrison.*

# THE UGLY DUCKLING

## THE GREAT EGG

It was beautiful in the country, for it was summer time. The wheat was yellow, the oats were green, and the hay was stacked in the meadows.

The sunshine fell warmly on an old house with deep streams all around it. Near the water's edge there grew large burdock leaves which were so high that children could stand upright under them. The spot was as wild and lonely as a deep forest, and that was the reason a duck had chosen it for her nest.

There she sat under the great burdocks, waiting for her eggs to hatch. At last they cracked, and the mother duck heard "tchick, tchick!" as one little head after another peeped out. "Quack, quack!" said the duck, and all the little ones stood up as well as they could, looking about under the green leaves.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones.

"You must not think this is the whole of the world," said the mother. "It reaches far beyond the other side of the garden, to the edge of the woods; but I have never been there."

"Are you all here?" she asked, getting up. "No, all the eggs are not yet hatched; the largest egg is still in the nest. How long will this last? I have been sitting here a long time, and I am very tired." Then she sat down again.

"Good morning! How are you getting on?" asked a friendly old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"This one egg keeps me so long," answered the mother. "It will not break. But all the other eggs have hatched. Look at my pretty ducklings! I think that they are the prettiest I have ever seen in my life."

"Yes, they are very pretty," said the old duck. "But let me see the egg that will not break. It may be a turkey's egg. I was cheated in that way once, myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones. They were so afraid of the water that I could not get them to go in. I called and scolded, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Ah yes! that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim."

"I will sit on it a little longer," said the duck. "I have been sitting so long, that I may as well stay until the harvest is over."

"Do as you please," said the old duck, and away she waddled.

IN THE FARMYARD

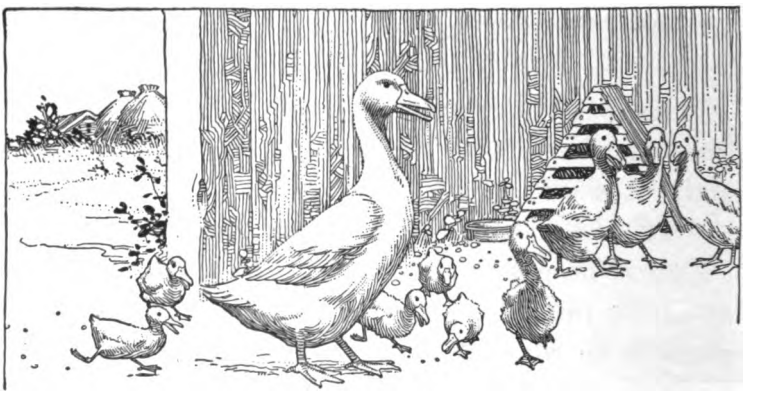
The great egg broke at last. "Tchick, tchick!" said the little one, as it tumbled out. Oh, how ugly it was!

"It is not like the others," said the mother. "Can it be a young turkey? We shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even though I push it in myself."

The next day was fine, and the sun shone warmly upon the great burdock leaves. Mother Duck with all her family of little ducklings went down to the stream to have a swim. Plump! she went into the cool water, and called out loudly to her children, "Quack, quack!" One duckling after another jumped in and began to swim. All were there, even the ugly gray one.

"No, it is not a turkey," said the old duck. "See how well it swims! It is my own child! It is really very pretty, too, when one looks at it carefully. Quack, quack! Now come with me. I will take you to the farmyard. Keep close to me and look out for the cat."

So they came to the farmyard where it was very crowded and noisy. "Keep together," said the mother duck, "and bow to the old duck yonder. She is a Spanish duck, and a great lady.



"Don't turn your feet in. A good duckling always keeps his feet far apart, just as his father and mother do. Now bow your necks, and say 'Quack.'"

The ducklings did as they were told. But the other ducks looked at them and said, "Just see! Now we have another family. Were there not enough here already? And look how ugly that big one is! Let us drive him away." Then one of the ducks flew at him and bit him.

"Stop biting him!" said the mother. "He is doing no harm. Stop biting him!"

"Yes, but he is so big and ugly!" said the other ducks. "We do not like him."

"All of your children, except that big one, are very beautiful," said the Spanish duck. "He does not seem to have turned out well."

"He is not handsome," said the mother. "But he is a very good child, and he swims even better than the others. He stayed too long in the shell; that is the reason he is not like them." Then she scratched the duckling's neck and stroked his body.

"The other ducklings are all very pretty, at any rate," said the Spanish duck. "Pray, make yourselves at home, and if any of you can find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

So the duck and her family made themselves at home in the farmyard. But the poor little duckling who was last out of the shell, was bitten and pecked and teased by all the ducks and hens in the yard.

"It is so large and ugly," they all said.

Even the turkey puffed himself out and marched up to the duckling. "Gobble, gobble, gobble," he said, growing red with anger. He had spurs and thought himself king of the farmyard, from one end to the other.

The poor gray duckling was very much frightened and did not know what to do. "I wonder why I am so ugly!" he said to himself. "No one seems to like me."

This was the first day, but afterwards things grew worse. Even his own brothers and sisters

were unkind to him. The ducks bit him and the hens pecked him. The turkey puffed and gobbled at him, and the girl who fed the poultry pushed him away from the food. The poor duckling was as unhappy as he could be. At last even his mother grew tired of the trouble that her ugly child was causing. "Oh, if you were only far away!" she cried, one day.

"That is because I am so ugly," thought the poor duckling. "Even mother does not like me. I must run away from this place where everyone treats me so cruelly."

So he ran through the hedge and down the road. "Oh, how ugly I must be!" he thought. For all the birds he met were frightened and flew away. At last he came to a wide marsh, where the wild ducks lived. Here he lay a whole night, tired and lonely.

In the morning the wild ducks flew up and saw the duckling. "Who are you?" they asked. The duckling turned from one to the other and bowed as politely as he could.

"You are very ugly," they all cried. "But that does not matter to us, for we shall not see you again." And away they all flew.

At that moment the ugly duckling happened to turn his head. There stood a great dog, who

opened his jaws and showed his teeth. Then splash! he was gone.

"Well! let me be thankful," sighed the duckling, as he ran away from the marsh. "I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me."

### IN THE HUT

As night came on, the wind grew stronger and stronger, until the ugly duckling could hardly stand against it. He looked around for a place of shelter, and at last saw a poor little hut. The door of the hut was open, so the duckling crept through, into a room.

In this room lived an old woman with her cat and hen. The cat knew how to set up his back and purr. He could even give out sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen, who had short legs, laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her dearly. The next morning the cat and the hen saw the duckling. The cat began to mew and the hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking around. She could not see very well, so she thought that the duckling was a fat duck who had lost her way. "This is a good catch," she said to herself. "I shall now have duck's eggs whenever I want them." So the duckling

was kept for three weeks, but not a single duck's egg was laid in the hut.

Now the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress. They thought that they were not only half of the world, but the better half. The duckling did not agree with them, but the hen would not allow him to say so.

"Can you lay eggs?" the hen asked the ugly duckling, one day.

"No," answered the poor duckling.

"Well then, hold your tongue."

Then the cat went up to him and said, "Can you set up your back? Can you purr?"

"No," answered the ugly duckling, again.

"Then keep still when sensible persons are speaking to you."

So the duckling sat alone in the corner and felt very sad. After a while he happened to think of the fresh air and the sunshine, and this made him wish very much to swim. He could not help telling the hen about his wish.

"The trouble with you," said the hen, "is that you have nothing to do. That is why you have these strange thoughts. Either lay eggs, or purr; then you will not have such thoughts."

"But it is so pleasant to swim," said the duckling. "Oh, how fine it is when the water closes

over your head, and you plunge straight down to the bottom of the pond!"

"Well! that is a queer sort of pleasure!" said the hen. "I think you must be crazy. Do you think I should like to swim, or to plunge to the bottom of the water? Ask the cat if he would like it. He is sensible. Ask our mistress. There is no one in the world wiser than she is. Do you think she would like to have the water closing over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling. "I mean that *I* like to dive."

"What! We do not understand you!" cried the hen. "Are you wiser than the cat and the old woman and me? Be thankful for our kindness. You have a warm room, and you can learn something from us. Come! Take the trouble to learn to purr or to lay eggs."

"No," said the duckling, sadly, "I think I will go out into the wide world again."

"Well go!" answered the hen very rudely.

So the duckling went to look for a new home. He walked a long way, until he came to a great lake. How glad he was to swim upon the water and to plunge his head beneath it! All the birds passed by, and would have nothing to do with him because he was so ugly.

THE BEAUTIFUL SWAN

When autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, and the wind whirled them about. The air was cold and the clouds were heavy with hail or snow. The poor duckling was cold and lonely and unhappy.

One evening just at sunset, a flock of large, beautiful birds rose out of the reeds. The duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before. Their feathers were of a dazzling white, and they had long, slender necks, for they were swans. With a strange cry, they spread out their long, splendid wings, and flew away. They were leaving the cold, and going to warmer countries, across the open sea.

They flew so high, so very high! The little ugly duckling had strange feelings as he turned round and round in the water, like a mill wheel. He stretched his neck to look after the beautiful birds. Then he called to them, for he could not help it. It was a loud, strange cry that he gave, and it frightened him to hear it. When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water.

From that time on, he felt more lonely than ever. He did not know what kind of birds they

were; he did not know where they were flying. But he loved them. He had never loved anything in all his life as he loved those great, beautiful birds with their splendid wings. Still he did not dare to wish for such beauty as they had.

"I am so ugly that I can never be beautiful," he said to himself. "Even the ducks will not let me stay with them."

All through the long winter, the duckling was unhappy. It was so cold, so very cold! He had to swim round and round in the water to keep from freezing. It would make you sad to hear all that he suffered.

Then, after a long time, a warm day came. The sun shone brightly and the larks sang sweetly. Beautiful spring had come. The duckling lay on the edge of the lake among the reeds. The warm sunshine filled him with so much joy that he shook his wings. They were stronger than they had ever been before. To his great surprise, he found that they bore him up in the air and carried him away.

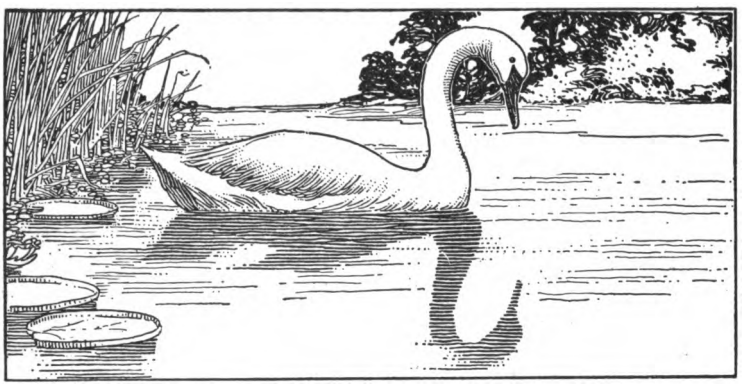
Soon he was in a large garden, where the apple-trees were in full bloom. Oh! everything was so lovely! The garden was full of the freshness of spring. The apple-trees bent over a stream and their blossoms looked at themselves in the water.

Then out of a thicket, near by, came three beautiful swans. They seemed very proud of their white feathers, which gleamed in the warm sunshine, as they swam lightly, oh, so lightly, on the winding stream. They curved their slender necks and looked at themselves in the water, just as the apple-blossoms did. The poor, lonely duckling had seen them in the autumn, but here they were again, and the sight made him very, very sad.

"I will fly to those kingly birds!" he cried. "They may kill me because I am so ugly, but I do not care. It is better to be killed by them than to be bitten by ducks, pecked by hens, and pushed away by the girl who feeds the poultry. Then, too, if I am killed, I shall not suffer during another long, cold winter."

So the duckling flew into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans. When they saw him, they turned and came to meet him. "Only kill me," said the poor duckling, as he bowed his head low. For he was sure that death was coming to him at last.

But when he looked down, what was it he saw in the water! It was the reflection of himself. He was no longer gray and ugly. He was a beautiful swan, with dazzling white feathers!



Some little children, who were playing in the garden, threw grain and bread into the water for the swans. Then the youngest child cried, "Look, look! There is a new swan!" And all the others clapped their hands and danced and cried out, "Yes, there is a new swan! How beautiful he is!"

The young swan hid his head under his wing, for he was so happy he did not know what to do. He was almost too happy; but he was not proud. A good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been laughed at and pecked and bitten. Now, he heard everyone say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. "When I was the ugly duckling," he said, "I did not dream that I could ever be so happy!"

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

## VACATION TIME

Good-bye, little desk at school, good-bye,
We're off to the fields and the open sky.
The bells of the brooks and the woodland bells
Are ringing us out to the vales and dells,
To meadow-ways fair, and to hill-tops cool,
Good-bye, little desk at school.

Good-bye, little desk at school, good-bye,
We've other brave lessons and tasks to try;
But we shall come back in the fall, you know,
And as gay to come as we are to go,
With ever a laugh and never a sigh—
Good-bye, little desk, good-bye!

—*Frank Hutt.*

# HELPS TO STUDY

## Notes and Questions

(Some selections, by reason of their simplicity, are not treated in these "Helps")

### THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCK, P. 9

Why were the people frightened at the wee man?
Can you repeat the song that he sang as he went up the street?
Tell of some of the good deeds Aiken-Drum did.
Why could he not stay in the village?
What was Granny Duncan's advice?
What strange saying of Aiken-Drum's did the people remember?

---

pail (pāl), a bucket.
strange (strānj), unlike the usual; different.

### THE FAIRY SHOES, P. 23

What did the fairy godmother bring to the christening feast?
Why were the fairy shoes wonderful?
Why did Tim's mother have him wear the fairy shoes?
What good plan did Tim discover that his brothers had not thought of?
What lesson did Tim learn?
Do you think Tim loved flowers?
What flowers are mentioned in this story?

---

prŏmpt, ready and quick.
loi'ter, to delay; to waste time on the way.

### THE BROWNIES, P. 29

What two words tell what kind of boys Johnnie and Tommy were?
What made Tommy think that he was a brownie?
Read lines that tell what the boys decided to do, after Tommy had told his dream to Johnnie.
Tell about the real brownies at work.
Tell the story of a brownie.
Do you think the boys really helped their father by their work? Read lines that tell.

---

tī'dy (dī), neat and clean; orderly.
prŏm'ise (prŏm'ĭs), to pledge; to give one's word.

### THE SKYLARK'S SPURS, P. 38

Read lines which show that the fairy was unkind.
What use did the fairy say that the skylark made of his spurs?
Of what use did the skylark say his spurs were?
How did the skylark win a mate?
What did the skylark find his spurs were for?
Where do larks make their nests?
What do you know about the skylark's song?

---

quar'rel (kwŏr'ĕl), to disagree; to argue or contend angrily.
praise (prāz), to commend; to speak of favorably.

## WHY THE RABBIT'S TAIL IS SHORT, P. 53

Tell in your own words how the rabbit came to have a short tail.
What reason did the rabbit give for thinking that the alligator was too proud to carry him across the swamp?
Why did the rabbit wish to cross the swamp?
Read lines that show why the rabbit is called "sly."
Read the rabbit's boastful words after he got across the swamp.

---

swamp (swŏmp), low marshy ground, covered with water.

## THE SIMPLETON, P. 56

How did Simpleton get his money?
What did he buy with it?
What did he do with the goose?
Why did the king have Simpleton stay at his palace?
To what use do you think he could put the Simpleton?
What does Act II tell you? Act III?
Tell what you see in the picture on page 62.

---

splĕn'dĭd, grand; glorious.
re-ward', that which is given in return for service.

## THE STONE-CUTTER, P. 63

Why did the stone-cutter become discontented?
What wish did he make?
Who heard his wish and granted it?
Tell of other wishes the stone-cutter made.
Why was he discontented each time?
Why was Tawara happiest when a stone-cutter?

---

chĭs'ĕl (chĭz), a sharp tool for making the rough stone smooth.
wĭth'ered (erd), caused to shrivel or dry up.

## THE GOLDEN FISH, P. 68

Find lines that show the fisherman was kind-hearted.
Why did his wife scold him upon his return from fishing?
What had the fisherman's wife done which made the fish think that she was not fit to rule others?
Did you ever see any one who, like the fisherman's wife, was hard to satisfy?
What does the picture show you?

---

dĭs-o-bey' (bā), to refuse to heed or obey.

## BROTHER FOX'S TAR BABY, P. 73

What does Act I tell you about Brother Rabbit?
Why did Brother Fox want to catch Brother Rabbit?
How was Brother Rabbit set free?

---

scare, to frighten.
wool'ly (ĭ), covered with wool.

## THE GOLDEN GOOSE, P. 79

How did the two elder sons treat the little old man whom they met?
How did the youngest son treat him?
What reward came to the youngest son?
What did he do with the golden goose?
Why did the princess laugh?

How did the wood-cutter's youngest son become a prince?

---

a-mūs'ĭng (mūz), laughable; humorous.
greed'ў (grēd'ĭ), selfish; not caring for others.

## THE GOLDEN PEARS, P. 84

On what errand was the eldest son sent?
What caution did the peasant give him?
Do you think that had anything to do with his reply to the witch?
Read lines which show that the witch knew what the boys had in their baskets.
Read lines which show that the eldest boy meant to tell a falsehood to anyone who questioned him.
What did the youngest son ask of the king?
Read what the king said about truth.
Read lines which show that the father had tried to teach his sons to tell the truth.
How did the king help the boys' father?

---

treas'ures (trĕzh'urz), articles of great value; highly prized gifts.
prec'ious (prĕsh'ŭs), of great value; much prized.

## THE CANDLES, P. 94

Whom did the wax candle serve? The tallow candle?
What joy did each candle see?
Tell what was the occasion of happiness in each case.
Was one face happier than the other?
Did the stars shine more brightly on the rich than on the poor?
Do you like this story? Why?

---

blĕss'ĕd.
ŏp'po-site (o-zĭt), in front of.

## IRENE, THE IDLE, P. 98

Tell what you can of the fairy house.
Read the fairy's words of advice to Irene.
What did the fire, the wood-box, the floor, the cup, and the dishes ask?
Read lines that tell what the clock said.
Find lines that tell Irene's excuse to the fairy for the want of order in the house.
Read the fairy's reply.
Find lines that tell what Irene found that she must do.
Read the clock's words telling Irene how to avoid her troubles.
Who were the strange little people that came jumping out of the clock?
Read the lines that tell what they said.
Do you know any person who does not understand how to use the minutes of the day?
Tell about the fairy's magic ring.
Why was Irene's birthday such a happy one?

---

dĭs-ap-peared' (ă-pērd), went out of sight; left.
prĕs'ĕnt-ly (prĕz'ĕnt-lĭ), soon; before long; after a little while.

## ULYSSES AND THE BAG OF WINDS, P. 111

How long were Ulysses and his men away from home fighting for their country?

On their way home, where did they stop to rest?

Who watched the bag of winds on their journey homeward?

Who untied the bag? Why? What happened?

Who was Æolus? Why did he not put the west wind in the bag?

Why would Æolus not again aid Ulysses and his men?

---

in sāfe'ty (sāf'tĭ), free from danger or harm.

## PEBOAN AND SEEGWUN, P. 120

Have you seen the arbutus?

Why is it said to belong both to winter and to spring?

What is the color of the arbutus?

Why is the arbutus such a favorite flower?

What bird is mentioned?

---

ar'bu-tŭs.

gleam (glēm), a faint light.

pĕt'ăls, small leaves which make up a flower.

## LITTLE PUMPKIN'S THANKSGIVING, P. 123

What wish did the Little Wee Pumpkin make?

Read lines that tell where the Pumpkins got their frosty coats.

Tell how the Little Wee Pumpkin's wish came true.

Have you made someone happy at Thanksgiving time? How?

---

hŏs'pĭ-tăl, a place for taking care of sick persons.

jăck'o'-lăn-tern, a lantern made from a pumpkin to look like a face.

## GRETCHEN'S CHRISTMAS, P. 130.

From what country had Gretchen come to America?

In Germany a great deal is made of Christmas. What did Gretchen know about the story of Christmas which showed this fact?

What made Gretchen's heart sad as Christmas came?

Which doll in the toy store window particularly pleased Gretchen?

What loving deeds did Margaret do on Christmas Eve?

Can you tell why Margaret understood, when she saw the little wooden shoes on the porch?

What Christmas gift did Gretchen find when she awoke?

Do you think it made a homesick child feel more at home in America?

---

tĕn'der-ly (lĭ), kindly; gently.

găl'lop (ŭp), a gait of a horse faster than a walk or a trot.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE, P. 137

The poet thinks of the Christmas tree as a pine tree, found in cold countries. What lines tell you this?

How does the poet say we will dress the Christmas tree?

In this poem, who is supposed to be talking?

What hope does the poet express to the Christmas tree?

Find the words that rhyme.
Which rhyme perfectly? Which imperfectly?
What does the poet mean by the "voices fair"?
Can you tell why "fair" is used instead of some other word?
Do you like the poem better because of its beautiful rhythm?

---

car'ol (kăr'ŭl), to sing; to chant.
ne'er, never. In place of what letter is the (') used?

## THE FIRST EASTER EGGS, P. 139

What picture does Act I give you?
Tell in detail what you see in your picture.
In Germany, Easter is a very happy day for the children.
How is the day observed in our country?
In your own words, tell the story as given in Act II.
Why were the mothers troubled?
Do you think Frau Elsa's plan was a happy one?
Do you enjoy having colored eggs at Easter time?

---

Frau means Mrs.
făm'ine (ĭn), lack of food, due to failure of crops.

## COLUMBUS AND HIS SON, DIEGO, P. 144

What aid did Columbus receive at the Convent of La Rabida?
Why did Columbus think that he might find help there?
Read lines that give Columbus's words to the friars.
Who gave Columbus ships and money for the voyage?
Where did Columbus leave his son, Diego, while he was away on the voyage?
In what way did other pages at the royal palace tease Diego?
What did Gomez think about the shape of the earth?
What illustrations did he give to prove that the earth is flat?
The Atlantic Ocean was called the "Sea of Darkness." What terrible disaster did Gomez say would happen to the ships?
Why was Columbus called the Mad Sailor?
What message from Columbus was announced to the pages one day?
What had Columbus proved by his voyage?
Why did Columbus find America instead of India?
On your globe or map, find India, Spain, and America.

---

wharf (hworf, o as in or), a place where boats land.

## THE BOY, THE BEES, AND THE BRITISH, P. 151

Read lines that tell why 1781 was a hard year in Virginia.
What did Jack wish to do?
Jack's mother told him why he was left at home. Read her words.
Who were the "red-coats"?
Tell of their raid of the plantation.
What led Jack to be glad that he was left at home?
On which side was General Lafayette?
What wish did Jack's mother express as to Lafayette's army?
What daring plan did Jack make?
Jack made the bees fight the British. What effect did the bees have upon the result?
Do you think Jack found a good way to help his country even

though he was too young to join Washington's army?

---

Brĭt'ish, belonging to Great Britain.

grăn'a-ries (rĭz), storehouses for grain.

pur-sūe' (pŭr-sū'), to follow closely; to give chase.

## A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO, P. 158

Can you imagine how our country would seem if there were no books or newspapers?

When Abraham Lincoln was a boy, there were few books. Do you think this was the reason the book was so precious to little Abe?

Why did the boy read the book at night, not in daytime?

The picture shows you little Abe's home. How does it differ from yours?

Where did he put the book each night when he had finished reading it?

What did little Abe do at once when he saw the book was spoiled?

Do you think he acted in a manly way by going to the owner with the book?

Can you give the name of the book?

What did Abraham Lincoln say about the book, after he had become President of the United States?

---

chĭnks, spaces between the logs; crevices or cracks.

## JOSEPH, THE RULER, P. 162

Which of Joseph's older brothers was kind to him?

Why did the others hate him?

What did Reuben say to his brothers after they sold Joseph to the merchants?

How did the King of Egypt show that he believed Joseph was good and wise?

Read the words which tell how Joseph felt when he saw his brothers.

What plan did Joseph make to find out if his brothers had grown more loving?

What made Joseph the happiest man in Egypt?

---

charge (charj), a duty or task given to some one to do.

com'fort (kŭm'fert), to cheer; to gladden.

sŭd'den ('n), happening unexpectedly.

## DAVID, THE SINGER, P. 174

What was David's work when a boy?

Tell some things which David had to do which you would like to do.

What part of his work would you not like?

How did David first help his king?

With what did David fight the lion?

How did he fight the band of robbers?

If you did not know the end of the story would you think David was wise to take his own sling instead of the king's sword? Why?

What did David become when a man?

---

cheer (chēr), to make glad; to comfort.

fierce (fērs), savage; ready to kill or injure.

huge (hūj), very large; immense.

## SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, P. 185

What did George ask the queen to let him do?
Why did she not want to send George to fight the dragon?
What brave deed did George do in the Wandering Wood?
Why was the giant able to take George prisoner?
How was George saved from the giant?
What do you think the good queen said when she heard that George had killed the dragon?
For what did George blame himself?
How did the wise old man comfort him?
How has George's brave life helped other boys?

---

guide (gīd), to lead.
wan'der (wŏn), to roam about; to stray.
dis'tance (tăns), the space between two objects.

## THE DAISIES, P. 197

The name daisy is from day's eye, the sun.
Can you tell how daisies praise the sun?
Why does the poet say that when the sun goes down "their praising is done"?
Have you ever seen daisies "fold up their crown" in the evening?
What happens to the daisies in the morning? Read lines that tell.
Do you like this poem? Tell why.

---

prais'es (prāz'ĕz), worshipers.
crown (kroun), head; top.

## BROTHER GREEN-COAT, P. 200

Why did Betty wish there were elves and fairies?
Read lines that tell how Aunt Molly's little friend looked each time she saw him.
What was the name of her little friend?
What is Brother Green-Coat's name before he puts on his velvet suit?
Have you ever heard a frog sing or talk?
Where does Brother Green-Coat live in winter?
Have you ever seen frog's eggs? Tadpoles?
What did Betty learn from Aunt Molly's little friend?

---

ăd-vĕn'tures, incidents that happen to a person; experiences.
wrig'gling (rĭg'lĭng), turning and twisting as a worm moves.

## THE SCARECROW, P. 206

Use another word for "beat."
Tell what "grim" adds to your picture of the scarecrow.
Find all the different words used in the poem for scarecrow, as "horrible thing."
Where did the robins build their nests?
Do you think the farmer outwitted the robins?
a-slant', sidewise; held at one side so as to see better.
con-cealed' (kŏn-sēld'), hid.
sur-vey'ing (vā), looking at carefully.
"prospects blight," destroy the prosperity of.
budge, to move; go away.
"peered and perked," looked at from many places, and with sharp eyes.

## THE BIRD AND THE SHIP, P. 208

Read the words of the ship.
What are the wind's "noisy trumpets"?
What can fly besides the little birds?
Why does the ship ask the bird to stand on the mainmast?
Read the bird's reply.
Who wrote this poem?

---

trŭmp'ĕts, musical sounds like those of a trumpet.
cŏm-păn'ions (yŭnz), those belonging to the same company; a group of persons.

## WHAT KEPT THE CHIMNEY WAITING, P. 210

Whose house was to have a new chimney?
Why were the boys particularly glad of this?
What did the grandfather show the boys that explained why the new chimney had to wait?
Do you think the boys' grandfather was a kind-hearted man?

---

blĭnk, to open and shut the eyes quickly.
hŏd'car-ri-er (kăr-ĭ-er), one who carries brick or mortar in a hod.

## ROBIN REDBREAST, P. 214

How can a garden "smile faintly"?
Have you ever heard Robin Redbreast sing in the fall?
Use another word for "hosts."
What will turn the trees to ghosts?
What does "pinching" add to your picture of "days"?
Where does the field mouse live in winter? The cricket?

---

leath'er-y (lĕth'er-ĭ), like leather.
they'll, they will.

## WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER, P. 218

Why did Jack Frost say that Katrina was careless?
Why did he not go into the sitting room?
Read lines that tell what the water said Jack Frost was doing.
Read lines that tell what the pitcher said to the water drops.
What happened to the pitcher?
What was Katrina doing while Jack Frost was busy?

---

care'less, without care; thoughtless; neglectful.
glō'w'ing, having a strong, bright color.

## MOTHER SPIDER, P. 224

What little creatures mentioned on page 224 have you seen?
What did Mother Spider carry in her mouth this summer day?
Read lines that tell you what was in her white bag.
Have you ever seen a grasshopper jump?

---

neigh'bor (nā'ber), one who lives near another.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, P. 229

Why did the king invite only twelve of the fairies to the feast?
What did the wicked fairy do?
What was the twelfth fairy's gift?

Tell what happened to the maiden on the day she was fifteen.
Read lines that tell of this sleep coming upon the whole palace.
Find lines that give the words of the young prince when he heard the story of the enchanted castle.
How did the young prince awake the princess?

---

spĭn'dle (d'l), a part of the spinning-wheel used in twisting and winding the thread.
căs'tle (kas'l), stronghold; fortress, belonging to a nobleman.

## CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER, P. 235

Tell the story of Cinderella and her selfish sisters.
Why was the youngest of the sisters called Cinderella?
How did her fairy godmother prepare Cinderella to go to the ball?
Read lines that tell at what time Cinderella was to return home.
How was she received at the ball?
Why did Cinderella wish to go to the ball again on the next night?
What happened when the clock struck twelve?
How did the prince find the owner of the little glass slipper?
Read lines which show that Cinderella forgave her sisters for their unkind treatment of her.

## HANS AND THE FOUR GREAT GIANTS, P. 248

What kind of boy was Hans?
Why did he go out to find work to do?
Why did Hans go in search of the enchanted pearls?
Tell of his trip to the North Sea.
How did Hans win the princess?
Do you think he deserved his good fortune?
Read lines that show that Hans was grateful.
Do you like this story? Why?

---

Hans (a as in arm).

## THE UGLY DUCKLING, P. 257

How did Mother Duck find out that the ugly little one was not a turkey?
Read lines that tell why the duckling was not liked in the farmyard or in the hut.
Why did the duckling wish to be beautiful?
Do you think the duckling would have been called "ugly" if he had always lived with the swans?
Read lines that tell how happy the duckling was when he was called beautiful.

---

poul'try (pōl'trĭ), the ducks, chickens, turkeys, and geese.
thĭck'ĕt, a thick growth of bushes.
marsh, a swamp.

# WORD LIST

KEY TO THE SOUNDS OF MARKED VOWELS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ā as in *āte* | ĕ as in *mĕt* | ō as in *nōte* | o͝o as in *fo͝ot* |
| ă as in *băt* | ĭ as in *kĭnd* | ŏ as in *nŏt* | ū as in *ūse* |
| ē as in *ēve* | ī as in *pīn* | o͞o as in *fo͞od* | ŭ as in *cŭt* |

**A'bra-hăm Lin'coln** (lĭn'kŭn).
**ache** (āk), pain.
**a'cre** (ā'ker), a measure of land.
**ac'tive** (ăk'tĭv), quick; nimble.
**ăd-mĭt'**, to allow to enter; to allow.
**ăd-vĕn'ture**, that which happens; a remarkable happening.
**ad-vice'** (ăd-vīs'), instruction; suggestion.
**Æ'o-lus** (ē'o-lŭs).
**age** (āj), the people who live at a particular time.
**aid** (ād), help.
**Al'ken Drŭm** (ā'k'n).
**air'y** (ar'ĭ, a as in *care*), breezy.
**al'lĭ-ga-tor** (ăl'ĭ-gā-ter), a large reptile which lives in the water.
**al'mond** (a'mŭnd, a as in *arm*), a nut.
**al'ter** (ol'tĕr, o as in *or*), to change.
**a-main'** (mān), with full force.
**am'ble** (ăm'b'l), to go rather slowly.
**A-mer'ĭ-can** (a-mĕr'ĭ-kăn, a as in *ask*).
**a-muse'** (a-mūz'), to please; to entertain.
**ăn'grĭ-ly** (lĭ), in an angry manner.
**an'kle** (ăn'k'l), the joint between the foot and the leg.
**anx'ious-ly** (ănk'shŭs-lĭ), eagerly.
**ar'bor** (ar'ber, a as in *arm*), a shelter made of vines or boughs.
**ar'bu-tus** (ar'bu-tŭs, a as in *arm*), an early spring flower.
**ar'gue** (ar'gū, a as in *arm*), to try to persuade; to reason with.
**ark** (a as in *arm*), the boat which Noah built and in which he and his family were saved at the time of the Flood.
**ar'mor** (mer), covering worn to protect the body in battle.
**ar'my** (ar'mĭ), a large body of men ready for war.
**ar'row** (ăr'ō), a sharp stick shot from a bow.
**a-shamed'** (shāmd), sorry for their lazy wish.
**a-slant'** (a as in *ask*), toward one side.
**At-lăn'tĭc.**
**at'tic** (ăt'ĭk), the room or rooms just below the roof.
**aunt** (ant, a as in *arm*), the sister of one's father or mother.
**au'tumn** (o'tŭm, o as in *or*), the fall season.
**bade** (băd), ordered; said (as a farewell).
**băl'anced** (ănst), moved with a swaying or swinging motion.
**bark** (a as in *arm*), a sail boat or ship.
**beard** (bērd), the hair that grows on the chin, lips, and cheeks.
**beau'ties** (bū'tĭz), beautiful things.
**bee'hive** (bē'hīv), place for bees to store their honey.
**bee'tle** (bē't'l), a large insect.
**bĕg'gar** (er), a person who begs.
**bĕl'lŏw** (ō), to make a loud, hollow sound.
**Bĕn'ja-mĭn.**
**Ber'tha.**
**Bĕth'le-hĕm.**
**black'ened** (blăk''nd), made black.
**Blĕd'nock** (nŏk).
**bless'ed** (blĕs'ĕd), happy; giving great joy.
**blĕst**, happy.
**blight** (blīt), to destroy.
**blink**, to open and shut the eyes quickly.
**bloomed** (blo͞omd), produced blossoms.
**blue'jay** (blo͞o'jā), a bright blue bird with a handsome crest.
**board'ing-house** (bōrd'ing-hous), a house where meals and lodging are sold.
**bŏn'ny** (ĭ), beautiful; gay.
**bore** (bōr), endured.
**boun'tĭ-ful** (fo͝ol), plentiful.
**bowl** (bōl), a deep dish.
**breast'-knot** (brĕst'-nŏt), an ornament for the breast.
**brĭck'lăy-er** (lā), one who builds with bricks.
**brĭsk**, quick; lively.
**brĭs'tle** ('l), to make the air stand up.
**Brĭt'ish.**
**bro'ken-heart-ed** (brō'k'n-har-tĕd, a as in *arm*), very sad; almost crushed by sorrow.
**bronze** (brŏnz), a metal made by mixing copper and tin.
**broth** (o as in *soft*), soup.
**budge** (bŭj), to move; to go away.
**bŭn'dle** (d'l), a number of things bound together; a package.
**bur'den** (bur'd'n, u as in *turn*), load.

**bur'dock** (bur'dŏk, u as in turn), a plant common in waste land, having large leaves and burrs.
**busi'ness** (biz'nĕs), dealings, mission.
**bŭs'tle** ('l), to move noisily.
**butt** (bŭt), to strike by pushing with the head.

**Ca'naan** (kā'năn).
**ca-noe'** (ka-nōō'), a light boat, without a sail, moved by a paddle.
**căp'ture**, to take by force.
**car'a-mel** (kăr'a-mĕl), a small square or cube of candy.
**car'a-van** (kăr'a-văn), a company of merchants traveling together for protection against robbers while crossing deserts.
**care'less**, without care; thoughtless.
**car'ol** (kăr'ŭl), a song of praise; a Christmas hymn.
**car'riage** (kăr'ĭj), a vehicle of travel.
**cas'tle** (kas''l), stronghold; a fortress belonging to a nobleman.
**cease'less** (sēs'lĕs), without stop.
**chal'lenge** (chăl'ĕnj), a claim to respect and attention.
**chăm'ber**, a bedroom.
**Chănk'ly Bōre** (lī bōr).
**charge** (charj, a as in arm), a duty or task given to some one to do.
**chăr'i-ŏt**, a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by two or four horses.
**Char'lotte** (shar'lŏt, a as in arm).
**charm'ing** (a as in arm), pleasing; beautiful; delightful.
**cheer** (chēr), to make glad; to comfort.
**chil'ly** (ĭ), cold and raw or damp.
**chi'na**, crockery; a kind of porcelain used for dishes.
**chink**, a crack or opening.
**chis'el** (chĭz'ĕl), a tool with a cutting edge at the end of the blade.
**cho'rŭs** (kō), all together.
**chris'ten-ing** (krĭs''n-ing), baptism, the time at which a name is given to a child.
**chuck'le** (chŭk''l), to laugh to one's self.
**churn** (u as in turn), a vessel in which cream is stirred to make butter; to stir, to beat.
**Cin-der-el'la** (sĭn-der-ĕl'a).
**cin'ders** (sĭn'ders), ashes.
**cit'ron** (sĭt'rŭn), a fruit which looks like a lemon.
**clăd**, clothed.
**claimed** (klāmd), said he had a right to.
**clasped** (klaspt), took hold of and held firmly.
**clat'ter** (klăt'er), a rattling noise.
**clear** (klēr), plain; bright.
**cling'ing**, holding fast.
**clown** (kloun), one who does foolish, awkward things to amuse others at a circus or play.
**clump** (klŭmp), a group of bushes or trees.
**clum'sy** (klŭm'zĭ), awkward.
**clus'ter** (klŭs'ter), a bunch.
**coin** (koin), a piece of metal money.
**Co-lŭm'bus**.
**com'fort** (kŭm'fert), to cheer; to gladden.
**com'i-cal** (kŏm'ĭ-kăl), laughable.
**com-mand'** (kŏ-mand'), to give an order; authority, control.
**com-pan'ions** (kŏm-păn'yŭns), those belonging to the same company; a group of persons.
**com-plain'** (kŏm-plān'), to find fault; to grumble.
**com-plete'** (kŏm-plēt'), to finish.
**con-cealed'** (kŏn-sēld'), hid.
**con-fu'sion** (kŏn-fū'zhŭn), disorder.
**con'quer** (kŏn'ker), to overcome; to win.
**Cŏn'răd**.
**con-tĕnt'ĕd** (kŏn), satisfied.
**con'ti-nĕnt** (kŏn), one of the great divisions of land upon the globe.
**con'vĕnt** (kŏn), a house in which members of a religious order live.
**coo'ing** (kōō), the call of doves or pigeons.
**coon** [răc-cōōn'] (rā-kōōn'), a small gray coated animal, which has a bushy tail.
**cop'per** (kŏp'er), a metal of reddish color.
**coun'ter-pane** (koun'ter-pān), a quilted coverlet for a bed.
**court** (kōrt), the residence of a king.
**court'ier** (kōrt'yer), one who is in attendance upon a king.
**cov'ert** (kŭv'ert), a shelter; a covering.
**co'zy** (kō'zĭ), comfortable; snug.
**crag'gy** (krăg'ĭ), covered with rough, broken rocks.
**creaked** (krēkt), made a grating or squeaking sound.
**cre-a'tion** (krē-ā'shŭn), the world.
**crea'ture** (krē), any living thing.
**crept** (krĕpt), crawled or moved slowly and quietly.
**crick'et** (krĭk'ĕt), an insect something like a grasshopper. It sometimes lives in houses, between the bricks of a fireplace.
**crip'ple** (krĭp''l), one who is lame.
**crisp'y** (krĭs'pĭ), brittle; crisp.
**croak'ing** (krōk), the hoarse, harsh cry of a frog.
**crool** (krōōl), to make low, gurgling sounds.
**croon** (krōōn), to hum or sing in a low tone.
**crouch** (krouch), to bend down; to stoop low.
**crowed** (krōd), cried out joyfully.

**crown** (kroun), head; top.
**cru'el** (krōō'ĕl), without pity.
**crum'pled** (krŭm'p'ld), to press into folds.
**crys'tal** (krĭs'tăl), a clear, hard substance; ice.
**cudg'el** (kŭj'ĕl), a short, heavy stick.
**cu'ri-ous** (kū'rĭ-ŭs), strange; rare.
**cur'rant** (kŭr'ănt), a small red, white, or black berry, chiefly used for making jelly or jam.
**curse** (kurs, u as in turn), evil; harm.
**curve** (kurv, u as in turn), to bend.

**dain'ty** (dān'tĭ), something which is delicate and pleasant to taste or see.
**dăn'gling**, hanging loosely.
**dāre**, to have courage to undertake.
**dăsh**, to break; to throw violently.
**day'break** (dā'brāk), the first appearance of light in the morning.
**daz'zle** (dăz''l), to confuse or make dizzy with too much light.
**de-ceive'** (sēv), to make someone believe what is not true.
**de-cide'** (sīd), to settle; to reach a conclusion.
**deed** (dēd), action; thing done.
**de-fi'ănt**, willing to fight; bold.
**de-lāy'** (lā), to put off, to loiter.
**de-li'cious** (de-lĭsh'ŭs), delightful; pleasing to the taste.
**de-light'** (līt), happiness; joy.
**dĕll**, a small valley; low ground.
**de-mand'**, to ask earnestly; to ask with authority.
**de-sire'** (zīr), a wish; eagerness.
**dew'drŏps** (dū), drops of moisture which form on grass, leaves, etc., particularly at night.
**dī'a-mond** (dī'a-mŭnd), a precious stone, usually colorless.
**Di-e'go** (dē-ā'gō).
**dim'ple** (p'l), a spot lower than the surrounding surface.
**dis-ap-peared'** (dĭs-ă-pērd'), went out of sight.
**dĭs-ăp-point'mĕnt** (ă-point), failure of expected results.
**dis-o-bey'** (dĭs-o-bā'), to refuse to heed, or obey.
**dis'tance** (dĭs'tăns), the space between two objects.
**dĭt'ty** (ĭ), a short song.
**doom** (dōōm), ruin; destruction.
**doubt** (dout), uncertainty; unsettled opinion; question.
**dough'nŭt** (dō), a small, sweet, round cake having a hole in the middle.
**down** (doun), soft fluffy feathers.
**drăg'on** (ŭn), a creature supposed to have the form of a great serpent with wings.
**droop** (drōōp), to hang bending downward; to grow weak.
**dumb** (dŭm), unable to speak.
**dŭmp'ling**, a round piece of dough covering fruit, boiled or baked.
**dunce** (dŭns), a stupid person.
**dŭsk**, the dim light just before darkness comes on, or just before daylight.
**dwarf** (dworf, o as in or), a small being supposed to have great skill in mining and in using metals.

**ea'ger** (ē'ger), impatient to do or go.
**ear'nest** (ur'nĕst, u as in turn), thoughtful; serious.
**East'er** (ēs'ter), a religious festival which occurs in the spring.
**eel** (ēl), a smooth-skinned, snake-like fish used for food.
**ef-fect'** (ĕ-fĕkt'), that which follows; result.
**ef'fort** (ĕf'ort), attempt; struggle.
**E'gypt** (ē'jĭpt).
**ĕlf**, a fairy.
**El'sa.**
**ĕm'bers**, the remains of a fire.
**ĕm-brace'** (brās), to clasp in the arms; to hug.
**ĕn-chant'**, to control by magic.
**er'rand** (ĕr'ănd), something to be done by one sent out for the purpose.
**Eu'rope** (ū'rŭp).
**ĕv-er-mōre'**, forever.
**ewe** (ū), the mother sheep.
**ex-cite'** (ĕk-sīt'), to stir up; to rouse.
**ex-trēme'ly** (ĕks-trēm'lĭ), very.

**fa'ër-ie** (fā'er-ĭ), a fairy; a small, imaginary creature, having more power than human beings.
**faint** (fānt), not bright or distinct; weak.
**faith** (fāth), belief.
**faith'ful** (fōōl), true; steady; constant.
**false** (fols, o as in or), untrue.
**fam'ine** (făm'ĭn), want of food; scarcity of provisions.
**fare** (a as in care), to have good or bad fortune; to happen well or ill.
**fare-wĕll'**, good-by.
**fash'ion** (făsh'ŭn), to make.
**fate** (fāt), fortune; that which is to come.
**fā'vor** (ver), to help; to wish success to.
**fa'vor-ite** (fā'ver-ĭt), preferred or liked above others.
**feast** (fēst), a meal at which rich foods are served plentifully.
**fĕs'tĭ-văl**, a time of feasting and joy.
**fierce** (fērs), furious; violent.
**fī'er-y** (ĭ), resembling or looking like a fire.

**fig'ure**, form; appearance.
**fire'fly** (fīr'flī), an insect which flies at night and gives out a bright, soft light.
**flăn'nel** (ĕl), soft woolen cloth.
**flashed** (flăsht), gleamed.
**flăt'ter** (er), to give praise which is not true, in order to please.
**flax** (flăks), the fiber of a plant from which linen thread is made.
**fleec'y** (flēs'ī), like the wool of a sheep.
**fleet** (flēt), a number of vessels in company or engaged in the same business.
**flŭsh**, red light or color.
**flut'ter** (flŭt'er), to move about excitedly, in a bustling, uncertain manner.
**fŏd'der** (er), hay, vegetables, and other coarse food for cattle, horses, and sheep.
**foe** (fō), an enemy.
**fŏg**, thick, cloudy air.
**fore'head** (fŏr'ĕd), the part of the face above the eyes.
**fŏr-sake'** (sāk), to leave entirely; to desert.
**for'tune** (for'tun, o as in o*f*), success; luck.
**foun'tain** (tĭn), a basin constantly supplied with running water.
**frail** (frāl), easily broken; weak.
**Franz.**
**Frau** (frou), German name for a married woman.
**freck'ly** (frĕk'lĭ), covered with spots; having freckles.
**free'dom** (frē'dŭm), liberty.
**Frĕnch.**
**frĕt'ful** (fŏŏl), ill-humored; peevish.
**frī'ar** (er), a brother or member of a religious order.
**Frĭtz.**
**frock** (frŏk), a dress.
**fur'nish-ings**, furniture and decorations.

**gal'lop** (găl'ŭp), a gait of a horse faster than a walk or trot.
**gar'lănd** (gar, a as in arm), a wreath.
**gar'mĕnt**, dress; clothing.
**gauz'y** (goz'ī, o as in or), made of thin, light material.
**gay** (gā), happy; bright; joyful.
**gen'er-ăl** (jĕn), an army officer of high rank.
**Ger'man-y** (jur'măn-ĭ).
**gi'ant** (jī'ănt), a person of great size.
**glade** (glād), an open passage through a wood.
**gleam** (glēm), to flash; to shine.
**glee** (glē), delight.
**glĕn**, a narrow valley.
**glimpse** (glĭmps), a quick sight; a hurried, short view.
**glĭt'ter** (er), to sparkle; to shine.
**globe** (glōb), ball; sphere.
**glow** (glō), to be bright or red.
**glued** (glōōd), fastened with glue.
**gŏd'moth-er** (mŭth), a woman sponsor for a child at baptism.
**Go'mez** (gō'māz).
**good'ies** (gŏŏd'ĭz), things very good to eat, as cakes or candies.
**gov'er-nor** (gŭv'er-ner), a ruler.
**grăce**, manner; charm.
**grăn'a-ry** (rĭ), a storehouse for grain.
**Gran'ny Dun'can.**
**grant**, to give in answer to prayer or request.
**grass'hop-per** (er), a common insect.
**greed'y** (grēd'ĭ), selfish; not caring for others.
**greet'ing** (grēt'ing), words spoken in a polite manner on meeting.
**Gret'chen** (grĕch"n).
**grey'hound** (grā), a dog noted for swiftness and sharp sight.
**grief** (grēf), sorrow; distress.
**grĭm**, fierce; stern.
**groan** (grōn), a deep, mournful sound of pain.
**gruff** (grŭf), rough; harsh.
**grŭm'ble** (b'l), to complain in a cross tone; to mutter complaints.
**guard** (gard, a as in arm), to protect from danger; to defend.
**guessed** (gĕst), formed an uncertain opinion; supposed.
**guest** (gĕst), a visitor.
**guide** (gīd), to lead; to direct.

**hăb'ĭt**, custom; practice.
**hail** (hāl), small pieces of ice fallen from the clouds.
**hair'y** (har'ĭ, a as in care), covered with hair.
**hand'ker-chief** (hăn'ker-chĭf), a cloth used for wiping the face.
**hand'some** (hăn'sŭm), pretty; pleasing appearance.
**Hans**, (a as in arm).
**hap'pened** (hăp''nd), chanced; came by accident.
**har'bor** (har'ber, a as in arm), a part of the sea or lake which is protected so as to make a place of safety for vessels.
**har'vĕst**, that which is ready to be reaped or gathered; the time of gathering crops.
**haste** (hāst), hurry.
**has'ten** (hās"n), to hurry.
**hawk** (hok,o as in or), a falcon, a bird trained for use in hunting.
**hearth** (harth, a as in arm), the fireplace.
**hedge** (hĕj), bushes planted as a fence.
**heed** (hēd), attention; to give attention to.

**hĕl'mĕt**, a covering for the head in battle.
**hĕl'ter-skĕl'ter**, in hurry and disorder.
**hĕr'ăld**, one who carries messages or makes announcements.
**herd** (hurd, u as in turn), a number of animals, as horses, cattle, or deer, together.
**hŏb'gŏb-lin**, a mischievous elf or goblin; a brownie.
**hŏd**, a wooden tray with a handle for carrying mortar or bricks.
**hŏl'lō** (ō), a low place.
**home'sick** (hōm'sĭk), having a great longing or wish for home.
**hōme'spun**, spun at home; coarse; plain.
**hon'or** (ŏn'er), respect; reverence.
**hoot** (hōōt), to shout.
**hŏr'rĭ-ble** (ĭ-b'l), shocking; terrible.
**hŏs'pĭ-tăl**, a place in which sick people are cared for.
**hōst**, a great number.
**howl** (houl), to make a noise like the cry of a wild beast.
**huge** (hūj), very large; immense.
**hŭm'ming** (ing), buzzing; droning.

**I'dle** (ī'd'l), lazy; worthless.
**im-por'tănt** (o as in or), having great influence.
**In'dĭ-ăn.**
**inn** (ĭn), a public house for the lodging of travelers; a hotel.
**in'no-cent** (ĭn'o-sĕnt), doing no wrong; free from blame.
**in-sŭlt'**, to treat with great rudeness or contempt.
**In'ter-ĕst**, attention.
**in-vīte'** (vīt), to ask to come.
**I-rene'** (ī-rēn').
**I'roned** (ī'ŭrnd), smoothed or pressed with a heated flatiron.
**Is-a-bel'la** (ĭz-a-bĕl'a).
**Is'land** (ī'lănd), land surrounded by water.
**Is'ra-el** (ĭz'ra-ĕl), the Hebrews; the Jewish people.

**Jack'daw** (jăk'do, o as in or), a glossy black bird, smaller than a crow.
**Jack'knife** (jăk'nīf), a large pocket-knife.
**Jăck'o'-lăn-tĕrn**, a lantern made of a pumpkin.
**Ja-păn'**, the group of islands off the east coast of Asia.
**Jap-a-nese'** (jăp-a-nēz'), the people of Japan.
**jeer** (jēr), to speak words which mock or make fun of some one.
**jew'el** (jū'ĕl), a precious stone.
**jōl'ly** (ĭ), pretty; of fine appearance.
**jōlt**, to move with a sudden up and down motion; to jerk.
**Jo'seph** (jō'zĕf).
**jŏs'tle** ('l), to crowd against.
**joy'ous** (joi'ŭs), glad; merry.
**juic'y** (jōōs'ĭ), full of juice.
**Jŭm'blies** (blīz).
**jŭs'tice** (tĭs), fairness; that which is due.

**Kat-rī'na** (kăt-rē'na).
**keen** (kēn), sharp.
**kĭn'dling**, material easily lighted, for starting a fire.
**king'dom** (dŭm), a country ruled by a king.
**knight** (nīt), a soldier who was bound to help any who were in trouble.

**La-fa-yette'** (lă-fā-yĕt'), a French general who helped the Americans in the Revolutionary War.
**lăn'guage**, (gwăj), speech.
**La Ra'bi-da** (la ra'bē-da. a as in arm).
**lau'rel** (lo'rĕl, o as in or), an evergreen tree or shrub.
**lawn** (lon, o as in or), ground covered with grass about a house.
**leath'er-y** (lĕth'er-ĭ), like leather.
**lĕg'gings** (ings), covering for the legs.
**lĭn'ĕn**, cloth made of flax.
**lĭn'ger**, to remain or wait long; to loiter.
**Lis'beth.**
**lis'ten** (lĭs"n), to give attention in order to hear.
**lĭz'ard**, a four-legged reptile having a long tail.
**lock** (lŏk), the hair of the head.
**lol'ter**, to move slowly; to delay.
**lŏl'lĭ-pŏp** (ĭ), candy.
**lŏt**, fortune, fate.
**lull'a-by** (lŭl'a-bī), a song to lull babies to sleep; a soothing song.

**mac-a-roon'** (măk-a-rōōn'), a small cake made of the white of eggs, sugar, and pounded almonds or cocoanut.
**măd'dened** ('nd), made very angry; enraged.
**mag'ic** (măj'ĭk), power greater than that of human beings.
**maid** (mād), a woman servant; a girl.
**maid'en** (mād"n), a girl.
**mail** (māl), armor, a covering worn to protect the body in battle.
**main'mast** (mān'mast), the principal mast of a vessel.
**Maj'es-ty** (măj'ĕs-tĭ), a name used as the title of a king.
**măl'let** (ĕt), a hammer made of wood.
**Măn'ĭ-tou** (tōō), the Indian name for God.
**măr'ĭ-gōld**, a plant with yellow flowers.

**mark** (a as in arm), a German coin of silver worth about twenty-four cents.
**marsh** (a as in arm), soft wet land, covered partly or wholly with water.
**Mar'tha.**
**mead'ow** (mĕd'ō), a field on which grass is grown for hay.
**meet'ing-house** (mēt'ing-hous), a building used as a church.
**mĕl'lōw** (ō), soft or tender; ripe.
**mer'chănt** (mur, u as in turn), one who makes a business of buying and selling.
**mes'sen-ger** (mĕs'ĕn-jer), one who bears a message or does an errand.
**midge** (mĭj), a very small fly.
**mid'night** (nīt), the middle of the night.
**might'y** (mīt'ī), having great power.
**mild**, gentle; kind.
**mind**, to tend; to object to.
**mis'chief** (chif), harm.
**mi'ser** (mī'zer), one who has riches but lives poorly in order to save.
**moan** (mōn), a low sound of pain.
**moc'ca-sin** (mŏk'a-sĭn), the shoe of the American Indian.
**mŏn'ster**, an animal of strange or horrible form.
**moor** (mo͝or), a great extent of waste land, often marshy.
**mor'tar** (mor'ter, o as in or), lime mixed with sand and water.
**moun'tain** (moun'tĭn), a high point of land, higher than a hill.
**mount'ing**, climbing; getting upon.
**mourn** (mōrn), to sorrow.
**mourn'ful** (fo͝ol), sorrowful; sad.
**muse** (mūz), to think about.
**mu'sI-cal** (mū'zĭ-kăl), pleasing.
**mys'ter-y** (mĭs'ter-ĭ), something that is not understood.

**năr'row** (ō), not wide or broad.
**nā'tăl**, belonging to or connected with birth.
**nā'tion** (shŭn), the people of a country.
**ne-ces'sI-ty** (ne-sĕs'ĭ-tĭ), need.
**neck'lace** (nĕk'las), a string of jewels or beads worn round the neck.
**ne'er** (nar, a as in care), never.
**neigh** (nā), the cry of a horse.
**neigh'bor** (nā'ber), one who lives near another.
**nel'ther** (nē), not either.
**Nich'o-las** (nĭk'ō-las).
**nigh** (nī), almost; nearly.
**No'ah** (nō'a, a as in arm), the man who built the ark in which he and his family were saved at the time of the Flood.
**nō'ble** (b'l), splendid; very fine.
**noise'less** (noiz'lĕs), without noise.
**nook** (no͝ok), a sheltered corner.

**o-bē'dI-ĕnt**, doing what one is directed or commanded to do.
**o-bliged'** (o-blījd'), forced; bound.
**ŏf'fice** (ĭs), a special duty or trust.
**o'gre** (ō'ger), a dreadful giant.
**old'en** (ōl'd'n), old; long ago.
**op'po-site** (ŏp'o-zĭt), in front of.
**or'ange** (ŏr'ănj), a fruit.
**ō-ver-come'** (kŭm), to conquer; to gain victory over.
**ox'hide** (ŏks'hīd), leather made from the skin of an ox.

**page** (pāj), a boy in training for knighthood who served as a personal attendant of his master and mistress.
**pail** (pāl), a bucket.
**pal'ace** (păl'as), the house in which a king lives.
**pal'frey** (pol'frĭ, o as in or), a small saddle horse for ladies.
**Pa'los** (pa'lōs, a as in arm).
**pant**, to breathe quickly and hard.
**pa-poose'** (pa-po͝os'), an Indian baby.
**par'cel** (par'sĕl, a as in arm), bundle; package.
**pās'try** (trĭ), for use in baking.
**pas'ture** (pas'tur, a as in ask), grass land for cattle.
**pā'tIent** (shĕnt), without complaint.
**păt'ty** (ĭ), a small pie.
**pause** (poz, o as in or), to make a short stop; to wait.
**peace** (pēs), quiet; rest.
**peas'ănt** (pĕz), a countryman.
**Pe'bo-an.**
**pe-can'** (pe-kăn'), a smooth, oblong, thin-shelled nut.
**peer** (pēr), to look curiously.
**Pé'rĕz.**
**per'fect-ly** (pur'fĕkt-lĭ), entirely.
**pĕrk** (purk, u as in turn), to straighten up; to show off.
**pĕt'ăl**, one of the small leaves which make up a flower.
**pet'ted** (pĕt'ĕd), treated as a pet.
**pI-az'za** (pĭ-ăz'a), a veranda or large, roomy porch.
**pic'ture** (pĭk'tur), an image; likeness.
**pierce** (pērs), to make a way through.
**pI'geon** (pĭj'ŭn) a bird which has a cooing voice; dove.
**pinch**, to squeeze; to bite as with cold.
**plain** (plān), clear; simple; not rich; a level country.
**plăn-tā'tion** (shŭn), a large extent of cultivated land.
**plead** (plēd), to ask earnestly; to beg; to offer as excuse.
**plŏd**, to walk heavily and slowly.
**plough** (plou), to turn up the earth and prepare it for planting.
**plow'măn** (plou), a man who plows, or works in the fields.

**plumed** (plōōmd), covered as if with feathers.
**plunge** (plŭnj), to dive into.
**pol'ished** (pŏl'ĭsht), made smooth and glossy.
**po-lite'ness** (po-līt'nĕs), courtesy; good breeding.
**pool** (pōōl), a small body of water.
**poul'try** (pōl'trĭ), domestic fowls; chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys.
**pounce** (pouns), to seize; to spring.
**pout**, to look sullen or sulky; to thrust out the lips.
**prai'rie** (prā'rĭ), a great extent of level land without trees.
**praise** (prāz), to commend; to speak of favorably.
**preach'er** (prēch'er), a minister; a clergyman.
**prec'ious** (prĕsh'ŭs), of great value.
**pre-fer'** (pre-fur', u as in turn), like better; rather have.
**pre-pare'** (a as in care), to make ready.
**pre-sag'ing** (sāj), telling what is going to happen.
**pres'ent-ly** (prĕz'ĕnt-lĭ), soon; after a while.
**pre-tĕnd'ĕd**, made believe.
**prom'ise** (prŏm'ĭs), a pledge; to give one's word.
**prŏmpt**, ready and quick; immediate.
**prŏs'pect** (pĕkt), that which is hoped for.
**prŏv'ince** (ĭns), a district; a part of a country far from the capital.
**psalm** (sam, a as in arm), a sacred song or poem.
**pur'ple** (p'l), a color formed by mixing together red and blue.
**pur-sue'** (pŭr-sū'), to follow closely; to give chase.
**pŭr-suit'** (sūt), chase.
**pŭz'zled** ('ld), confused.

**quail** (quāl), a small game bird.
**quar'rel** (kwŏr'ĕl), to disagree; to argue or contend angrily.
**queer** (quēr), strange; odd; unusual.
**quite** (kwīt), entirely; extremely; really.

**răl'ly** (ĭ), to bring together.
**rasp'ber-ry** (răz'bĕr-ĭ), a small red or black berry used as a dessert fruit and also for jelly, jam, etc.
**rear** (rēr), to cause to grow.
**rĕb'ĕl**, one who refuses to obey proper authority.
**rec'ord** (rĕk'ŏrd), a written account of things done.
**re-count'** (kount), to tell.
**reed** (rēd), the slender stem of tall grass growing near the water.
**reel** (rēl), to move round and round.
**re-flec'tion** (re-flĕk'shŭn), image; picture in the water.
**re-fuse'** (fūz), to deny.
**re-joice'** (jois), to feel glad.
**re-peat'ing** (re-pēt'ĭng), to say again.
**re-quest'** (kwĕst), act of asking for something.
**Reu'ben** (rōō'bĕn).
**re-ward'** (word, o as in or), that which is given in return for something done; to pay for doing something.
**rĭch**, highly seasoned; wealthy.
**Rich'mond** (mŭnd).
**rind**, outer covering; skin.
**rip'ĕn-ĭng**, becoming ripe.
**rĭsk**, danger.
**robe** (rōb), a flowing dress.
**roy'al** (roi'ăl), belonging to the king.
**ru'by** (rōō'bĭ), the color of the ruby, a beautiful, red stone.
**rŭd'dy** (ĭ), red.
**rude** (rōōd), impolite; rough.
**Ru'pert** (rōō).
**rŭsh'y** (ĭ), full of rushes, plants growing in or near the water.
**rŭs'set** (ĕt), reddish brown color.
**rŭs'tle** ('l), a sound as of leaves rubbing together.
**rŭt**, a track worn by wheels in passing.

**sage** (sāj), a wise man.
**Saint Nich'o-las** (sānt nĭk'o-las), the saint supposed to carry presents to children on Christmas Eve; Santa Claus.
**San'ta Claus** (săn'ta kloz, o as in or).
**săt'ĭs-fied** (fīd), contented.
**Saul** (sol, o as in or).
**scam'pered** (skăm'perd), to run with haste.
**scare'crow** (skar'krō, a as in care), the figure of a man, made of sticks and old clothes, used to frighten birds from seeds or fruit.
**scorn** (skorn, o as in or), contempt; lack of respect.
**scorn'ful** (fōōl), mocking; full of contempt.
**scour** (skour), to rub hard.
**scrubbed** (skrŭbd), washed and rubbed until clean.
**scŭf'fle** ('l), to wrestle or struggle in a rough way.
**Seeg'wun** (sēg).
**seek** (sēk), to search for.
**se-lect'** (lĕkt), to choose.
**sen'si-ble** (sĕn'sĭ-b'l), having sense; intelligent.
**serve** (surv, u as in turn), to work for; to wait upon.
**serv'ice** (sur'vĭs, u as in turn), labor performed for another; employment.
**sheaf** (shēf), a quantity of the stalks and ears of wheat or other grain bound together.

**shĕp'herd** (erd), one who tends sheep.
**shield** (shēld), a frame of metal, wood or leather, carried on the arm for the protection of the body in battle.
**shiv'ered** (shĭv'erd), shattered; broke into pieces.
**shock** (shŏk), a blow; violent shake or jar.
**shrill** (shrĭl), having a sharp tone.
**shŭd'der** (er), to tremble; to shiver.
**shy** (shī), willing to remain unseen; timid.
**sieve** (sĭv), a utensil for separating the coarser parts of flour or meal from the finer parts.
**sigh** (sī), a sound, made by breathing in or out, to show weariness or sorrow.
**sights** (sīts), things worth seeing.
**sim'ple-ton** (sĭm'p'l-tŭn), a silly person.
**slack** (slăk), to become less active.
**slammed** (slămd), shut noisily.
**sleigh bells** (slā), small bells attached to a horse when drawing a sleigh.
**sly** (slī), crafty; roguish.
**snare** (snar, a as in care), a trap; anything by which one is brought into trouble.
**snŭg**, cozy; comfortable.
**snŭg'gle** ('l), to cuddle; to draw close.
**sō'ber**, not smiling; serious.
**sōr'ĕst**, greatest; worst.
**sound**, thorough; hard.
**Spain** (spān), a kingdom of southwestern Europe.
**Spăn'ish.**
**spare** (a as in care), to give up; kept for guests.
**spĕck**, a bit; a small piece.
**speech** (spēch), talk; spoken words.
**speech'less** (lĕs), unable to speak.
**spell** (spĕl), a charm or enchantment.
**spice** (spīs), pepper, cinnamon, cloves, etc., used for seasoning foods.
**spin'dle** (d'l), a round stick pointed at the ends with a notch at one end to hold the yarn.
**spĭn'did**, grand; glorious.
**spoiled** (spoild), made disagreeable or naughty.
**spot'ted** (spŏt'ĕd), covered with spots.
**spread** (sprĕd), to set.
**spur** (u as in turn), a stiff, sharp growth on the legs or wings of certain birds and insects.
**squawk'ing** (skwok'ing, o as in or), screaming, as a fowl.
**squeal** (skwēl), to cry with a sharp sound as a pig.
**squirm** (skwurm, u as in turn), to twist about; to wriggle.
**stack** (stăk), to pile up.
**staff** (staf, a as in ask), a long stick carried in the hand.
**stain** (stān), to spot.
**stăm'mer** (er), to stop or hesitate in pronouncing words.
**stead'fast** (stĕd), steady; firm.
**stead'ily** (stĕd'i-li), without change.
**steep** (stēp), high with sharp descent, not gentle or gradual slope.
**steer** (stēr), to direct one's way.
**Stĕf'an** ('n).
**stern** (sturn, u as in turn), severe; hard.
**Stil'ton** (tŭn), a town in England where a famous cheese was first made.
**stitched** (stĭcht), sewed.
**stout**, firm; stubborn.
**strange** (strānj), unlike the usual; different.
**stray** (strā), wandering.
**streamed** (strēmd), to stretch in a line.
**strŭg'gle** ('l), to labor hard; to fight.
**stŭb'born** (ern), unwilling to obey; obstinate.
**stŭm'ble** (b'l), to strike the foot so as to fall.
**suc-cess'** (sŭk-sĕs'), good results.
**sud'den** (sŭd''n), happening unexpectedly.
**sup-pose'** (sŭ-pōz'), to imagine; to believe.
**sŭr-vey'** (vā), to look over or about.
**swamp** (swŏmp), wet, low ground, sometimes covered with water.
**swan** (swŏn), large, long-necked bird, which is very graceful when swimming.
**swear** (swar, a as in care), to make a promise or vow.
**swift**, very quick; rapid.

**tack** (tăk), to change direction.
**tăl'low** (ō), the fat of certain animals.
**task** (a as in ask), work; lesson.
**tăs'sel** ('l), an ornament ending in a bunch or tuft of loose threads.
**tăt'tered** (erd), ragged.
**Ta-wa'ra** (a as in arm).
**tĕmpt**, to lead or try to lead into evil.
**tĕn'der**, gentle; loving; delicate.
**tĕst**, to examine; to try to find the truth.
**thick'et** (thĭk'ĕt), thick bushes.
**this'tle-down** (thĭs''l-doun), the soft, feathery flower head of the thistle when ripe.
**threat'en** (thrĕt''n), to alarm; to try to alarm.
**thrive** (thrīv), to increase in health and size.
**throne** (thrōn), the king's chair on a platform raised slightly above the floor.
**thrŭsh**, a song bird.

**tĭ'dings**, news.
**tī'dy** (tī'dĭ), neat; to put in order.
**Tĭm'o-thy** (tĭm'o-thĭ).
**tĭn'kle** (k'l), to make quick, sharp sounds like striking metal.
**tī'ny** (tī'nĭ), very small.
**toc'sĭn** (tŏk), a bell rung as warning or alarm.
**Tŏr'rĭ-blе Zone.**
**tough** (tŭf), strong; stiff.
**tŏ'ward** (erd), in the direction of.
**tow'er** (tou), a part of a building which is higher than the other parts.
**treas'ure** (trĕzh'ur), riches; a thing of great value.
**treat** (trēt), something which gives great pleasure; to deal with.
**trick'le** (trĭk'l), to flow in a thin stream.
**Trī'na.**
**trĭp**, to move with light, quick steps.
**troop** (trōōp), to move in crowds.
**troops**, soldiers.
**trou'bled** (trŭb"ld), worried; disturbed.
**trou'ble-some** (trŭb"l-sŭm), giving trouble.
**tru'ănt** (trōō), one who stays away from school or business without leave.
**trump'et** (trŭm'pĕt), a wind instrument with a long tube, once or twice curved.
**tuck** (tŭk), to make snug or close; to wrap snugly.
**tur'moil**, (u as in **turn**), confusion.
**twĕlfth**, next in order after eleventh.
**twirl** (twurl, u as in **turn**), to turn rapidly.

**U-lys'ses** (ū-lĭs'ēz).
**um-brel'la** (ŭm-brĕl'a), a protection against rain or sunshine.
**U'na** (ū'na).
**un-com'fort-a-blе** (ŭn-kŭm'fer-ta-b'l), ill at ease; not comfortable.
**ŭp'roar** (rōr), great noise; confusion.
**ŭt'mōst**, greatest.

**vale** (vāl), low ground between hills; a valley.
**vĕr'y** (ĭ), real; completely; really.
**vĕs'sel** (ĕl), a ship.
**vĭl'lage** (aj), a collection of houses in the country; a place smaller than a town.
**vĭl'lag-er** (a-jer), a person who lives in a village.
**vĭ'o-lĕt**, a common small flower.
**Vĭr-gĭn'ĭ-a** (ver-jĭn'ĭ-a).
**voy'age** (voi'aj), a journey by sea.

**wad'dle** (wŏd"l), to walk with short steps, swinging from one side to the other.
**wăd'ing**, walking through water or mud.
**wā'ges** (jĕz), pay given for labor.
**wal'let** (wŏl'ĕt), a bag or sack carried on the person.
**wand** (wŏnd), a small stick.
**wan'der** (wŏn'der), to roam about; to stray.
**war'rior** (wor'yer, o as in **or**), a soldier.
**Wash'ing-ton** (wŏsh'ing-tŭn).
**wealth** (wĕlth), riches.
**wĕnch**, a woman servant; a serving maid.
**wharf** (hworf, o as in **or**), a platform built on the shore of a river or other water and extending into deep water so that vessels may unload upon it.
**what-ĕv'er** (hwŏt), all that.
**whine** (hwīn), to moan with a childish noise.
**whip'poor-will** (hwĭp'pōōr-wĭl), a night bird which is named from its strange cry.
**whirl** (hwurl, u as in **turn**), to turn round quickly.
**whis'per-ing** (hwĭs'per-ing), speaking softly or under the breath.
**wig'wam** (wom, o as in **or**), an Indian hut made of poles covered with bark, mats, or hides.
**will'ful** (wĭl'fōōl), wanting one's own way; obstinate; stubborn.
**win'ning** (ing), attracting; coaxing.
**wis'dom** (wĭz'dŭm), knowledge, with ability to use it.
**wish'ing-căp**, a cap, supposed in olden times to give whatever the wearer wished for.
**wĭt**, mind; sense.
**witch** (wĭch), a woman supposed to be able to use magic.
**with'ered** (erd), caused to shrivel or dry up.
**won'der-ful** (wŭn'der-ful), causing wonder; surprising.
**won'drous** (wŭn'drŭs), wonderful; surprising.
**wood'land** (wŏŏd), land covered with trees.
**wool'ly** (wŏŏl'ĭ), covered with wool.
**wrig'gle** (rĭg"l), to twist; to move the body uneasily.

**yeast** (yēst), a substance put into dough to make it rise.
**yŏn'der**, over there.
**yore** (yōr), long ago.

**zone** (zōn), any of the five great divisions of the earth's surface.